

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1789

AUGUST 18, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week . . . . .	147	"In Memoriam" and "The Door of Humility" . . . . .	150
Literature :		White Nights . . . . .	160
Aristotle and the Modern Reader . . . . .	150	A Literary Causerie : Against Certain of our Poets . . . . .	160
Art and Science in Building Design . . . . .	151	Fiction . . . . .	161
A Quiet Life . . . . .	153	Fine Art . . . . .	163
The Modern Historian . . . . .	154	Music :	
In Journeys Often . . . . .	155	A History of Beethoven's Symphonies . . . . .	163
Two Aspects of Florentine History . . . . .	155	Forthcoming Books . . . . .	164
The Unclassed . . . . .	156	Correspondence . . . . .	164
Women's Work . . . . .	157	Books Received . . . . .	165
Canada's Fight for Liberty . . . . .	158		

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE sudden death of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) puts an end to a hope that some of us had fondly cherished for years—the hope of a novel from her pen worthy of her great gifts. Remembering the brilliant, if excessive, epigram of her earliest ventures—"Some Emotions and a Moral" and others—the tenderness and simplicity of "The Herb Moon," the impressive power and depth of "The School for Saints," many had hoped that all her good qualities, her wit, her brilliance of language, her power of description, her profound religious sense, her fine imagination, would some time be joined in a great and human novel. We noted her carelessness in construction, her vagueness of outline, and believed that some day a more passionate interest in her plot would remove these objections: we even watched her following after strange worldly gods and turning her back on humanity, and hoped that not always would she consider birth the sole criterion of interest. We hoped, in fact, that with advancing years a larger sympathy with human nature would come to inspire her.

Death has prevented that development, which, indeed, had not yet begun. The gravest charge that can be brought against her work, the fault that mars it all, is a coldness, an aloofness, a want of sympathy with human nature. It reveals, in fact, a scorn of humanity which is fatal to good work. It is not too much to say that most men and women, in the eyes of "John Oliver Hobbes," were beneath notice. How much of this sentiment was due to her birth and training, this is not the place to inquire. The result of it is that she remained in her unreal, exquisite world, weaving fancies that became more and more remote from life, wrapping herself in a cold superiority that robbed her work of its life-blood. And so an exceptionally brilliant mind has left no worthy memorial behind it.

The case of Dr. Ray Lankester has not advanced during the week; and we do not propose again entering into the relations of the Trustees and the ex-Director. An interesting example of the long debt of science to Dr. Lankester is afforded by the fact that he is quoted as the acknowledged authority on structure in the early chapters of Darwin's book on earth-worms which was begun, if we go back to the embryo, in 1837, though not published till 1881. In some respects Dr. Lankester's attainments singularly resemble Huxley's. Huxley was one of the best writers of nervous English of his time and especially excelled in polemics. "We are all right," said Darwin in effect, "if we can retain Huxley"; and Darwin, whose soul abhorred controversy, relied upon him almost wholly as his weapon of offence. Dr. Lankester has a large portion of Huxley's fighting style; and the enemies of compulsory Greek showed not a little wisdom in accepting him as their protagonist. It must be confessed that almost all the great men of science—there are those among them so

philological as to object to "scientist"—have written good strong English; and not a few of them have taken much pride in their style. We once heard an Oxford lecturer in chemistry boasting that he "usually" read a chapter or two from the minor prophets before delivering a lecture, for the sake of style"! Is it from such a source that Dr. Lankester's many Jeremiads have sucked their inspiration?

Some well-known French novelists have recently founded a society with the object of protecting the rights of French novelists abroad, especially in cases of plagiarism and of bad translations. They have begun operations in Germany, as two-thirds of the novels published in that country are said to be either adaptations or translations of French works. An office has been opened in Paris for the purpose of making translations, and a notice has been sent to German editors informing them that no work of the members of the society is to be published under the form of a translation, unless the translation has been made under the superintendence of duly appointed officials of the society who reside in Paris. Solicitors have been appointed in various German towns to watch over the interests of the society, and it has been resolved to bring any violation of its rules before a court of law. It is intended later to adopt the same system in other countries, and we may expect to have a branch of the society established in London.

These practical steps to protect the rights of French authors merit praise, and already a great success has been obtained. We referred at the beginning of last month (July 7) to a case that had been brought by two French publishers before the Roumanian High Court of Appeal, to define their rights as foreigners. The High Court has just given a decision that is in favour of the publishers. The consequence is that henceforth it will be impossible to put plays on the Roumanian stage without the consent of the author, or to reproduce foreign music without an arrangement with the composer. Probably, too, it will be impossible to issue unauthorised translations of novels. A literary congress will be held at Bucharest on September 21 and the following days, when there will be a debate upon the question of the adhesion of Roumania to the Berne Convention.

A small but suggestive coincidence in grammar may be found in two books published this week. In the preface to his Latin grammar, published by the Cambridge Press, Mr. Sloman protests against the infliction on the schoolboy of the Terentian cliché, "*Irae amantium amoris integratio 'st*" on the ground that the singular verb is a poetic licence. The parallel to the objection appears in the notes to a book of selections, intended for boys, from the best poets. In criticising "The Recessional," the author points out the ill-concord in the line:

The tumult and the shouting dies,

giving the ordinary explanation. But objection is wholly hypercritical in both cases. It is a latitude demanded by language and generally accepted by all but purists that the verb may be in concord with its nearest substantive and may always be singular when the list of subjects are at all similar. It is worth remembering, while we are on the subject of "the Recessional," that M. Chevrillon, one of the most acute of French critics, objected to the poem for missing the very virtues claimed for it by the writer of the notes in this anthology. We are inclined to agree with the Frenchman.

A rather amusing study in French idiom is provided by a list, issued by a French amateur association, of the technical terms generally adopted on French golf courses. The French, always catholic in taste, show no tendency to adopt the Kaiser's exclusive method. Even "sport" is a "forbidden" word in Germany and presumably "tee"

and "dormie" are also taboo. The French, on the other hand, have adopted all the English names for clubs, the iron alone excepted; and the iron is "Le Fer." Most other golf terms however, have a French form. Caddie is "cadet" which we may presume to be the original form of the word, altered on the Scotch tongue. "Tee"—French "Dé"—has perhaps the same history. A "lie" is *assiette*. "Poter" is not to "putt"—for which no word exists—but to "hole out" and there is something rather ludicrously French in the phrase "Trou d'arrivée." Our idiom delights in brevity. The French, especially it seems in sport, enjoy rotundity. Does not the principal French boating club rejoice in the title of "Société pour l'encouragement des sports nautiques à Paris"?

It will be a shock to the enthusiasts who have devoted time and money to visiting Norfolk in order to see the skull of the author of "Religio Medici" to learn that the doubt as to the genuineness of the relic now appears to be well founded. A local antiquary has discovered a reference in the Mackerell Manuscripts which suggests that Archdeacon Jefferys was buried in Sir Thomas Browne's vault in St. Peter Mancroft Church, and the skull, which Dr. Edward Lubbock secured from that vault some sixty years ago, was presumably Jefferys's. The matter will, of course, be investigated to the full.

Where do all the cheap reprints go to? Every new publisher seems to think that the royal road to success is to be found in a Library of Familiar Classics. There is very little attempt at novelty except in regard to printing and binding. The same works appear in every reprint library, as though time had determined once and for all the limits beyond which it would not be safe to go. The result is sameness, and increased wonder at the capacity of the public to absorb edition after edition of particular works by Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, Scott and the rest. Do people read these books or do they buy them to adorn a favourite shelf? When nicely bound they are readily taken up by those unfortunate people who are called upon to provide wedding presents. Many purchasers of single volumes read them, of course. They have a special object in view. It is the occasional purchaser who is so much struck with the want of variety in the different libraries. Why, for instance, as a contemporary points out, do we not get a cheap edition of Hakluyt or Purchas as well as of Cook's Voyages? And why is Fielding comparatively neglected? There is a wide field for experiment by some enterprising and resourceful publisher. We are growing a little tired of reprints of the "East Lynne" order.

Not alone in France will the forthcoming publication of the early note-books of Ernest Renan be hailed as a literary and philosophical event of the utmost interest. These note-books, of which Alys Hallard gives a foretaste in the pages of the *Independent Review*, will serve to reveal "the very germ of the great savant's life-work." They will show Renan in the seed time of his speculations on life, religion and literature. At the age of twenty-two he set down his most intimate thoughts. The notes will make two substantial volumes which his daughter has prepared for the press. Nothing will be touched. No one would presume to edit this collection of confessions and impressions which were destined, after Renan had passed through a period of travail and renunciation for conscience' sake, to blossom into epoch-marking works. As these daily jottings were never intended for publication—indeed at that time Renan can have had no idea of the future which was to be his—they give us in native simplicity and force the man himself, permitting the world at large to get a glimpse of the inspirations from which Renan was to draw the masterpieces of his maturity. In many cases the publication of mere juvenilia does a deadly wrong to a great man's reputation. In Renan's case the revelations

of his early self will only confirm the world's conviction of his entire sincerity and devotion to truth.

Two extracts from among those quoted in the *Independent* may appropriately be given here. Renan, like most men plethoric of thought, did not find it easy to convey what was in him to others:

The poet and the thinker can only express the very smallest part of themselves. That which is the most precious, the untranslatable, the inexpressible, the delicate source of sentiment, the keen acumen which has no name—all that is there, hidden. It is this which is the despair of the poet. For he feels the need of expressing himself outwardly; and this is not petty conceit. It is a primordial sentiment of nature, like the instinct of sociability.

He was convinced that "humanity and philosophy were getting richer all the time, by more and more valuable results"—results to which he was destined to contribute so largely. He felt that in order to exercise real influence Science and Criticism must be blended with poetry, "with the ideal creation":

A poet alone, constructing by himself, will do nothing. The past occupies too great a place for it not to be obligatory for every one to say what he has to say about it. It would be like a system that said nothing of God.

The Mysore Government, which has always been in the van of progress, has just created a new institution at Bangalore, the seat of the administration, which possesses a literary and educational value. This is a Press Room in which the staff of the different newspapers of Mysore as well as the correspondents of other Indian journals are supplied with all official papers and records. The most needed works of general reference and files of the principal English and vernacular newspapers are also available. Mr. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., the Minister who has just founded this institution in a pleasant office in Cubbon Park, the Whitehall of Bangalore, is following the example of the Government of India which created a similar institution in August 1904.

Mr. Horace Traubel—Whitman's Boswell—has published in America an interesting book entitled "With Walt Whitman in Camden." Mr. Traubel sat at his hero's feet, note-book in hand, and his memoir would have been the better for a little judicious editing; but there are many interesting records of conversations with the poet which reveal curious likes and dislikes, expressed in a typically American way. Asked by his biographer whether he had met Crabbe, Whitman replied:

Yes—once; and he is the thinnest, most uninteresting man I ever struck—the typical Sunday-school superintendent, with all that that signifies. I am told that he has a class, a Sunday-school class, in Boston—that he conducts it from Sunday to Sunday. I don't see how such a man could interest anybody for ten minutes, much less an afternoon.

Howells, Aldrich, good fellows: I have met them and like them (Howells especially is genial and ample—rather inclined to be big—full size) but they are *thin*—no weight; such men are in certain ways important—they run a few temporary errands, but they are not out for immortal service: perhaps even Hawthorne, though not surely Hawthorne, in whom there is a morbid streak to which I can never accommodate myself. I call this thing in our modern literature delirium tremens.

Of Browning he said:

I have read Browning, but I do not feel that I know him. I realize him—that is, I see him for a great figure—I see him for a proud achievement . . . but I do not feel that I know his books. I have read "The Ring and the Book," "Paracelsus," some scattering poems (many of them, in fact)—that is all. My impression has been not that he was not for anybody but that he was not for me, though Professor Corson says that I am mistaken, that Browning is my man, only that I have not so far got at him the right way. I do not assent to that—Corson does not know my appetite and my capacity as well as I know it myself. One thing I always feel like saying about Browning—that I am always conscious of his roominess; he is no way a small man: all his connections are big strong.

His view of Matthew Arnold is curious:

Arnold has been writing new things about the United States [he said]. Arnold could know nothing about the States—essentially nothing:



the real things here—the real dangers as well as the real promises—a man of his sort would always miss. Arnold knows nothing of elements—nothing of things as they start. I know he is a significant figure—I do not propose to wipe him out. He came in at the rear of a procession two thousand years old—the great army of critics, parlor apostles, worshippers of hangings, laces, and so forth and so forth—they never have anything properly at first hand. Naturally I have little inclination their way. But take Emerson, now—Emerson: some ways rather of thin blood, yet a man who with all his culture and refinement, superficial and intrinsic, was elemental and a born democrat.

An instance of the care exercised by men of science over the minutiae of style is supplied by a discussion, of which we heard fragments, over the question whether the programmes of the British Association procedure should refer to "secretaries of section" or "secretaries of sections." Pure logic would be on the side of the advocates of the singular, and this view, we believe, prevailed. But the ear, which is always affected more by use or idiom than unrelated euphony, is certainly irritated by the singular. Those who care for such minutiae—and most people have a quite absurd interest in these vexed questions of grammar—will be able to think of examples on both sides. "Inns of Court" occurs to us on the one side. For the other the declension of *paterfamilias* secures the authority of the most logical of tongues.

Notwithstanding the imperfect condition of the "Madonna of the Tower," ascribed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to Raphael, its acquisition by the National Gallery is an event of considerable importance. The picture was originally in the Orleans collection whence, towards the close of the eighteenth century it passed into the hands of Samuel Rogers, the poet. It was bought at the sale of his gallery in 1856 by Mr. R. T. Mackintosh for four hundred and eighty guineas. Four thousand pounds would not buy it to-day, and the debt of gratitude which the public owes to Miss Mackintosh, who has presented it to the National collection, cannot be over-estimated.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have acquired the following pictures, which will be placed on exhibition as soon as possible: Samuel Johnson, LL.D., a study in oils by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the well-known portrait at Knole—presented by T. Humphry Ward, Esq.; Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, an old copy after T. Gainsborough—presented by Charles Viscount Cobham, a Trustee of the Gallery; Samuel Cousins, R.A., the mezzotint engraver, painted by James Leakey—presented by the artist's daughter; Robert Dodsley, bookseller, poet, and dramatist, painted by W. Alcock; and two sketches by J. Sanders from the painting of "The Royal Academy in 1772," by J. Zoffany, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle—both presented by Alfred Jones, Esq., of Bath; and Mary Anne Everett Green, historian, drawn in chalks by her husband, George Pycroft Green—presented by her daughter, Mrs. James Gow. The Trustees have accepted the bequest to the Gallery by the late Mr. George J. Holyoake of a portrait in oils of Richard Carlile. As we go to press news comes from America that Whistler's water-colour, "The Lady in Grey," has been purchased for the Metropolitan Museum at New York.

A writer in *The Periodical*, which Mr. Frowde issues quarterly as a record of the work of the Oxford University Press, gives some interesting recollections concerning "The Ruskin Road at Oxford." "Ruskin first proposed the plan," it is related, "in conversation over the tea-cups with two Scottish undergraduates at Balliol . . . The scheme was further sketched out at a breakfast party in the last term of 1874 and put into execution in the summer term following . . . Arnold Toynbee acted for some time as superintendent of works for Ruskin. The work came to an end in the spring of 1875. I cannot say exactly how or why; certainly not because the road was finished, as any one who goes there can see."

As to the motives, besides Ruskin's personal influence and the tendency to go with one's friends, that actuated the writer and, he supposes, others in "digging," it is remarked: "The current philosophy of the day, though it has inspired much good work since, was unintelligible to some of us, and did not seem to suggest immediate action. And when Ruskin came along and told us to *do* something, we jumped at it, without asking questions. In 1874 there were no 'University Settlements'; they began in 1884-5. There was very little 'Socialism,' practical or other. 'Parish work' was for various reasons less attractive than it often is now. The present Bishop of London had not yet left school at Marlborough; Canon Barnett became Vicar of St. Jude's in 1873; Mr. C. S. Loch became Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society ('John Ruskin, Esq.,' was one of its Vice-Presidents) in 1875."

Some of the London Public Libraries have scarcely recovered from the effects of the London Government Act; and they are again threatened by a proposal, compared with which the other was quite simple. On the former occasion some libraries, which before had been either central libraries or at all events the only ones in the administrative district, were converted into branch libraries; in one or two cases a branch library became a central. On the broad lines of public good the Act effected an improvement, but it is not so certain that it effected any economy of administration, either in particular boroughs or over the whole of London. Although no scheme has been formulated, it appears that whatever alterations are made next year will be in the direction of the centralisation of the work of the London Boroughs. The proposal of Captain FitzRoy Hemphill, L.C.C., so far as it deals with ordinary municipal work, does not come within the scope of the ACADEMY; it is only in regard to its probable effect upon the Public Libraries of the Metropolis that it concerns our readers. The proposal to include the control of libraries in the duties of the Education Committee of the new London Council, is not likely to be welcomed by the various Metropolitan library authorities.

There is no doubt that centralisation, if properly carried out, would be of immense advantage to the public libraries of the kingdom. Centralisation has been the dream of many librarians for years past. But the only scheme which promises to be wholly successful is the formation of a governmental library board somewhat on the lines of the Board of Education, but dealing only with the public libraries of the country. Acting in a similar capacity to the Board of Education, this department would appoint committees for approved areas, and delegate to them the fullest powers in administration, while retaining financial control. This would equalise the Library system, small starved localities would be better supplied, either by more support for the particular institution or by amalgamation, or inclusion in a larger system. The bugbear of the "penny limit" would be removed, and the Public Library would take the place it should occupy as the centre of the intellectual life of the community.

British Empire Shakespeare Society.—Persons wishing to enter for the elocution competition of this society are asked to send in their names and addresses to Miss Morritt, 17 Southwell Gardens, S.W. (stating whether professional or amateur), before September 30. All competitors must recite two passages—one comedy and the other serious—from Shakespeare's plays. Both scenes and speeches are admissible, providing they do not exceed the time limit of five minutes. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein will distribute the prizes in this competition in London in November.

## LITERATURE

## ARISTOTLE AND THE MODERN READER

*Aristotle's Theory of Conduct.* By THOMAS MARSHALL, M.A.  
(Unwin, 21s. net.)

"In the following pages an attempt is made to present Aristotle's Ethics in a readable shape."

So Mr. Marshall in his Preface. And it is no easy task that he has here set himself. For, great as is Aristotle's treatise, it still—as Mr. Marshall himself says—is not literature in the sense in which Plato's works are literature. Cicero, indeed, speaks of the "golden stream" of Aristotle's language. What he can have meant by this we must be content to leave as one of the unsolved problems of literary criticism. For us the greater part of Aristotle must remain, from a purely literary point of view, unattractive reading. Mr. Marshall's undertaking, therefore, was an ambitious one. He is the more to be congratulated on the result. His book—a combination of paraphrase and commentary—is eminently readable. We certainly have read it, not always with agreement, but with pleasure and interest.

The general principle on which Aristotle's theory of happiness is based . . . the value of work and the superiority of an existence in which powers are exercised to one in which they are only possessed . . . is probably his most valuable contribution to the theory of conduct.

This is Mr. Marshall's closing verdict. It may or may not be a correct one, but it may at least be questioned whether Aristotle himself would have subscribed to it. Indeed, if emphasis can be accepted as any guide, it would seem as though, in his eyes, the doctrine of the Mean and the doctrine of the Practical Syllogism were the two most interesting features in his formulation—or reformulation—of the theory of Conduct. Strangely enough, it has been against these two points that criticism, not to say ridicule, has chiefly been directed. And with that criticism, so far as the doctrine of the Mean is concerned, Mr. Marshall appears to associate himself.

Now, it is, no doubt, very little illuminating to be told that there is a vice on each side of a virtue—an excess on the one side, and a defect on the other. But the significance, after all, of "the Mean" only begins where this purely external aspect of it ends: and it can only have been because he had failed to appreciate the real meaning of the doctrine that Kant could have passed upon it the criticism that it makes the difference between vice and virtue merely quantitative. For what, to a more sympathetic interpretation, does the doctrine actually teach? It teaches that Conduct, no less than Art, involves on the one hand a material, and on the other a principle in accordance with which that material is moulded. Our impulses, affections, desires—these, and the actual objects to which they are directed, may be said to be the raw material out of which we, as moral artists, have to shape our lives. The distinctive characteristic of the good man is that he recognises a standard, a limiting principle, in his life. "Evil," Aristotle quotes in this connection, "is of the nature of the Unlimited"; and good can only begin with the admission of a limit—a principle, as we should say. This, which is the heart of the doctrine of the Mean, is not exclusively Aristotelian. He, no doubt, has given to it a new turn, and reduced it to a formula; but its essence is there already in Plato. We are the more surprised to find Mr. Marshall asserting (p. 37) that "no convinced Platonist could accept it." And on p. 131 he commits himself still more definitely:

This conception of moral excellence as moderation is spoken of with contempt by Plato, who calls it "popular and political virtue," and ranks it with the conduct which is found in communities of social insects like bees, wasps, and ants.

This is altogether misleading. The virtue which Plato calls "δημοτική καὶ πολιτική" was criticised by him, not on the

ground that it was based upon a principle of "limit" or proportion, but on the plain ground that it was automatic and unreflective, that it was uninspired by any consciousness of the principles upon which it was based (ἐξ ἰθὺς τε καὶ μελέτης γεγονυῖαν ἀντὶ φιλοσοφίας καὶ νοῦ). Mr. Marshall has been in this matter no less unjust to Plato than to Aristotle.

The whole contention that the doctrine of the Mean makes the difference between vice and virtue merely quantitative is, indeed, singularly ungenerous. Is the difference between the good sculptor and the bad—or the good carpenter and the bad; it is all one—"merely quantitative" because it is in the "so much and no more" that the artist's sense of fitness evidences, or externalises, itself? And how is the moral artist to externalise his sense of the fitting if not by introducing, in an analogous way, a limit into the (in itself unlimited) "matter" of conduct?

Virtue, says Aristotle, *shows itself* as a mean—in the sense that it *aims at* a mean (στοχαστική οὐσα τοῦ μέσου). And, by so putting it, he has, deliberately, based morality upon a principle which is equally operative in art, in science, in nature—wherever, in fact, chaos gives place to system. "He might have pointed out," writes Mr. Marshall (p. 131, note) "that it [i.e., the law of the Mean] is shown in the exercise of the senses . . . powerful lights or sounds being painful, and sometimes destructive of the senses." A strange criticism! For this is exactly what Aristotle has pointed out, in a well-known passage. (*De An.* 424<sup>a</sup> 28.)

If we turn from the doctrine of the Mean to that of the Practical Syllogism we find, here too, below the academic formula, a characteristic and important principle—the principle that every action for which a man accepts responsibility, bad no less than good, will reveal upon analysis an end (or general principle) and a means (or particular application). Significant as is from this point of view the Practical Syllogism, it is actually from a different side that, in the Ethics, Aristotle approaches it. He there advances it as in some sense an explanation of the problem of ἀκρασία—the problem, that is, of actions which we commit "against our better judgment." ἀκρασία Mr. Marshall renders by "irresolution." But in accepted usage "irresolution" represents the condition of the man who has difficulty in making up his mind: whereas the ἀκράτης is he who, having made up his mind, is unable to stick to it. And these are two different things. To the Practical Syllogism as an "explanation" of ἀκρασία Mr. Marshall allows perhaps more credit than is its due when he writes (p. 421): "it is not the least valuable of his many contributions to moral philosophy." Of the phenomenon of "knowledge" overridden by desire the Practical Syllogism can hardly be said to provide us with an explanation. It does little more than formulate the facts. The problem is with us still.

Mr. Marshall continues (p. 421):

Unfortunately he has deprived his explanation of much of its value by insisting that the phenomenon of irresolution is, strictly speaking, limited to the cases to which the words self-restraint and confirmed self-indulgence apply.

We fail to understand this. Aristotle, with perfect propriety surely, uses ἀκρασία in the sense in which everybody else used it. (It may be, as Mr. Marshall says, "not the business of moral philosophers to help the public to spoil useful words by giving them a limited and accidental meaning": but still less is it their business to breed misunderstanding by using common words in unfamiliar senses.) But it is difficult to see how he has thereby "deprived his explanation of much of its value"—unless he has at the same time told us that his explanation applies to ἀκρασία, and to ἀκρασία alone. Where has he done that? It is, no doubt, in connection with ἀκρασία that the "explanation" is offered: but he has nowhere suggested that the same psychological analysis might not be applied equally well to other cases in which men fail to act up to their intentions.



There are other points in Mr. Marshall's book to which we should take exception. On p. 146, in a note, we read:

What Aristotle means by choice [this is Mr. Marshall's rendering of *proairesis*] is impulse or propension, which may be unaccompanied by reason (as in the case of the lower animals or very young children) or may be guided by reason.

*Prima facie*, this note implies that in Aristotle's opinion children and the lower animals exercise *proairesis*. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Marshall can have meant to ascribe this doctrine to Aristotle; for he himself quotes, a few pages further on, a passage from the *Ethics* in which Aristotle expressly denies that the animals share in *proairesis*. Yet, if he did not mean to do so, he has certainly written a very clumsy note.

For his further statement that "*proairesis* is not what we call Will" he has no doubt some justification, in so far, that is, as we do normally think of some sense of effort, or tension, as accompanying the exercise of Will. To a psychological analysis this sense of effort may be important, or even essential; but from the point of view of morals (which is the point of view of the *Ethics*) what is important is the conscious identification of oneself with a motive. And *that* is precisely what *proairesis* means. It is no mere intellectual judgment: it is no mere wish: it is a direction of oneself with a view to action; by which, as Aristotle says, character is tested. Perhaps, then, we may allow to Aristotle that, incomplete as may be his psychology of the Will, he has still given us, in *proairesis*, what, for moral philosophy, is the essence of Will.

Mr. Marshall suggests (p. 159 and p. 172) that *τὸ ἡγούμενον*, as used in *Ethics* 1113<sup>a</sup> 5, is "the nearest equivalent to Will." This is not a felicitous suggestion. *τὸ ἡγούμενον* has absolutely no psychological significance whatsoever. In the passage referred to, Aristotle says that, deliberation being a process in which we analyse an end into its means with a view to action, we carry this process on until we bring the principle back to ourselves, "and of ourselves to the Sovereign part (*τὸ ἡγούμενον*), for that is the part which decides (or wills)." He illustrates this by reference to the Homeric Constitutions in which the kings decided, and the common people merely carried out the will of their rulers. Mr. Marshall distorts this illustration by making the people "represent the appetitive side of choice." This is nonsense. The people in the illustration correspond to the limbs in the body. The limbs obediently carry out the Will of the personality which decides. The whole passage, so far from lending any support to Mr. Marshall's suggestion that *τὸ ἡγούμενον* is a word meaning will as distinguished from wish (p. 192), points all the other way. Had *τὸ ἡγούμενον* meant "that part of us which wills"—instead of meaning, as it does, simply "the Sovereign part of ourselves"—the addition, in *Ethics* 1113<sup>a</sup> 5, of the words *τοῦτο γὰρ τὸ προαιρούμενον* would have been not merely unnecessary, but positively illogical.

We must also protest against the rendering (however orthodox) which Mr. Marshall favours of *ἡ ἐτέρα πρότασις* in *Ethics* 1143<sup>b</sup> 3. He renders this by "the minor proposition in the Practical Syllogism," meaning thereby, we presume, the minor *premise*. But the immediately succeeding words, "*ἀρχαὶ γὰρ τοῦ οὐ ἐνεκα αὐταί*," force upon us the conclusion that *ἡ ἐτέρα πρότασις* here corresponds not to the minor premise but to the *conclusion* of the Practical Syllogism. A little reflection will show that it is from such conclusions, and not from minor premises, that "rules of conduct are generalised." It is, for instance, from a succession of immediate particular judgments of the form "this is wrong—that is wrong—and the other is wrong—" that there emerges in due time in consciousness an explicit general principle: "Acts of such and such a character are wrong." But these immediate particular judgments, if we insist on expressing them in terms of the Practical Syllogism, are conclusions rather than minor premises. Nor indeed is this the only passage in Aristotle

in which "minor premise" is a misleading rendering of the words *ἡ ἐτέρα πρότασις*.

And last—for we shall be glad to make an end of criticism—we seem to find in Mr. Marshall's treatment of Aristotle's conception of "natural justice" a singular misunderstanding, or indeed confusion. This conception Mr. Marshall regards as inconsistent with the doctrine that virtue is a habit, and therefore acquired.

Readers . . . will be surprised to find Aristotle in this chapter assuming the existence of a natural justice . . . of a justice which does not conform to that part of the definition of good conduct which asserts it to be a habit produced by repeated acts.

And immediately afterwards he remarks that Aristotle, not merely in the 5th book of the *Ethics* but also in the *Rhetoric*, suggests the existence of a completely developed virtue "as the result of an effort of nature and distinct from a virtue of the same kind as a result of habit." Now this is all a fiction of Mr. Marshall's imagination. So far as the *Rhetoric* is concerned, all that the passage on which he relies tells us is that, quite apart from the conventions of organised societies, there are certain elementary principles of justice which all men instinctively *divine* (*ἐστὶν δὲ μαντεύονται* *τι πάντες φύσει κοινὸν δίκαιον*). And the *φυσικὸν δίκαιον* of *Eth.* 1134<sup>b</sup> 18 has not any other meaning. But what has all this to do with the doctrine that the virtues (justice no less than the rest) are not innate but acquired? *δικαιοσύνη* as a "completely developed virtue" is no instinct of divination, it is a *habit of doing*. The instinctive sense of the elementary principles of justice to which Aristotle refers in the *Rhetoric* would be no more than the raw material and potentiality of the virtue of justice.

The criticisms we have offered will have shown that we do not consider Mr. Marshall an interpreter of Aristotle whom it is always safe to follow. They are not, however, intended to weaken the judgment with which we began—that he has given us Aristotle in a readable form, and that his book will well repay perusal.

#### ART AND SCIENCE IN BUILDING DESIGN

*Reason in Architecture.* By T. G. JACKSON, R.A. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

COMING from the pen of so careful a student and so accomplished an architect as Mr. Jackson, the essays which form this volume have a strong claim on the interest, not merely of architects and students, but of all who profess an intelligent admiration for the great buildings of our country. The book aims at proving a theory and pointing a moral—a theory of the development of style in Gothic architecture, and an application of the lessons derived from a survey of history to the design and method of the present day.

Mr. Jackson's theory, in brief, is that all the great changes of style have arisen not from the inspired imagination of great builders but from some practical or constructional necessity or convenience, a variation in the nature of the material available, a contrivance for economy, or a fresh experience gained in the statics of building, the distribution of weight and pressure. To the demonstration of this theory Mr. Jackson devotes nearly three-fourths of the book, and it is incontestable that he sets out his facts and his arguments with great skill and force. Beginning, for example, with the Corinthian capital of Roman date, he traces from it the gradual evolution of Byzantine and Gothic forms, as the trabeated yielded to the arched construction of the walling above the columns. And though the illustrations are chosen from a wide field, which stretches from Dalmatia to Normandy, Mr. Jackson's argument establishes a progressive development founded mainly on constructional motives. Nevertheless, it is admitted that this order of change with its slow gradations cannot be traced in English architecture, in which the Gothic burst from classic bonds with far more swiftness

and vigour. From capital and impost Mr. Jackson passes to arch and pier, and shows how departure from Roman models was caused by the necessity of using smaller stones, and how this necessity led to the recessing of rings in arches and shafts in piers, and so to all the glories of clustered columns and sculptured doorways in our great cathedrals. Similarly, two most able chapters are devoted to a history of vaulting construction, which is traced from the Roman type, depending for stability on inert mass, to the Gothic, which secures stability by a balance of opposing forces. And not only the ribbed vaulting which adds much to the charm of Gothic interiors, but the whole system of clerestory, buttress, pinnacle, and flying buttress is proved to be based on what Mr. Jackson calls "reason" or "reasonableness," by which he really means science. For his whole thesis may be stated in other terms as follows: first, that underneath all changes of style there lies not a reason but a *scientific* reason; and next that this scientific reason preponderated over artistic reason in determining such changes.

It is an interesting question, and Mr. Jackson is not merely ingenious but clearly successful in proving that architecture is a science which has largely depended for its development on scientific laws. Yet one cannot help feeling that his case is somewhat overstated. The converse view of artistic inspiration—the view, for instance, that the Early English style was a pattern formed in the mind of a great builder before it was expressed in stone—is one which has some authority: Mr. Jackson thinks it wholly wrong. Yet architecture is an art as well as a science, and artistic genius must count for a good deal in its development. Originality of design is a strong factor in the production of great works, which owe their stability no doubt to scientific law, but their artistic excellence to the canons of taste and beauty in the designer's mind. And because a constructional advantage can be shown to have accompanied most, if not all, changes of style, does it follow that the constructional motive was antecedent to and predominant over the artistic? May not artistic impulse have suggested new problems to constructional science instead of merely accepting advances in construction as fresh data for exercises in embellishment? Unluckily the literary evidence which might furnish an answer to such questions is almost entirely wanting. But Mr. Jackson, after stating that the round arch was abandoned by twelfth-century builders with great reluctance and quoting the case of Vezelay to show that the pointed arch was forced upon them by constructional necessity, yet has to admit that in England "the pointed arch was adopted with something like enthusiasm." Take the case of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, where the arches joining the nave pillars and those between aisle and transept are round; while the western arch, though springing from purely Norman engaged columns, is slightly pointed, and in the walling above the chancel arch, which is sharply pointed, are two round arches, each enclosing a pair of small pointed arches. The motive here seems clearly decorative, the pointed arches being used only in places of honour. Again, while Mr. Jackson, on his theory, explains the change from Early English to Decorated, he does not explain the change from Decorated to Perpendicular—a change very hard to account for on merely constructional grounds. The truth seems to be that in the formation of style, power of imagination, play of fancy, sense of beauty and of proportion are factors quite as real as regard for scientific laws: that the artistic and the scientific elements of style are inseparable: and that you cannot determine the proportions in which they have combined or should combine. How the hard facts of mechanics can be transfigured by the artistic imagination, Mr. Jackson himself shows in this brilliant passage:

It would surprise many people, as they stand in the silence of some great Gothic minster, whose ancient stones seem to have grown old in peaceful calm and slumberous quiet, if they were to realise the truth that so far from everything being at rest around them they were surrounded by mighty unseen forces engaged in active combat, thrusting

and counter-thrusting one another in fierce encounter, a never-ending conflict that never slackens between antagonists that never tire, the high vaults striving to push the walls outwards but rebutted by the flying buttresses which try to push them inwards; the aisle vaults doing their best to push the nave columns inwards, but unable to move them under the dead weight of the superstructure of triforium and clerestory which holds them down; the whole fabric struggling to burst itself asunder, but manfully resisted by the system of counter-vailing forces, which only bargain as a condition of success that their great parent buttresses outside shall stand like a rock, and give them a firm foot-hold from which to get a purchase. (Pp. 126-7.)

But beyond the writer's historical survey there lies his practical purpose: which is to show that as the great styles in the past arose:

not from arbitrary design or fancy but as consequence of rational and logical development from causes partly external and partly social, so at the present day our architecture will depend for its vitality upon its accommodation to the circumstances of to-day.

The reproduction of bygone styles, the conditions of which are also bygone, must be a failure: witness the mullioned sash-windows and sham half-timbering of suburban villas, and business houses supported on shop-fronts of thin glass—construction which deliberately cheats the eye and the mind. Changed conditions must be frankly recognised and design be based upon them, even to construction with iron. Classic and Gothic models should be studied for instruction, but not copied, though imitation of them has been preached by all the authorities and taught by all the writers of the last century. Mr. Jackson refers (p. 8) to Scott, Sharp, Ruskin and others as having set up the past as the only model for students of architecture: and again (p. 160) he says: "all the books on architecture were in the same story from Palladio to Chambers, and Chambers to Pugin," *i.e.*, dealing only with the externals of style and severely governed by precedent. But is it possible that he has forgotten Fergusson? More than forty years ago Fergusson published his "History of Architecture" with a remarkable preface, in which views are advocated and even language used which coincide very closely with Mr. Jackson's:

Some men [says Fergusson] are becoming aware of the fact that archæology is not architecture, and would willingly see something done more reasonable than an attempt to reproduce the middle ages. . . . Architecture with most people is a mystery—something different from all other arts: and they do not see that it is and must be subject to the same rules and be practised in the same manner, if it is to be successful.

Again:

If people can only be induced to think seriously about it, I feel that they will be as much astonished at their present admiration of Gothic Town Halls and Hyde Park Albert Memorials as we are now at the Gothic fancies of Horace Walpole and men of his day.

All this might have been written by Mr. Jackson, who indeed describes the Gothic revival as "in Horace Walpole's hands not much more serious than Sir William Chambers's Chinese pagoda." Fergusson praises the Crystal Palace, as Mr. Jackson praises the front of King's Cross Station; and just as Fergusson calls the reproduction of Gothic a mere "masquerade like the Eglinton Tournament," so Mr. Jackson (p. 185) says: "The mere copyist is after all only playing at Classicism and Mediævalism . . . he is only masquerading." Clearly James Fergusson should be recognised by Mr. Jackson as holding up a light in the darkness. Space, however, forbids us to follow this part of the subject: we can only hope that architects will ponder the plea for what Fergusson calls "common sense," and Mr. Jackson "reason" as their guiding principle.

But before closing there are one or two slips to note. On p. 11 "motion" should be "motive," p. 17 "practise" should be "practice," p. 81 *n.* Cicero did not write "authoritas," p. 126 "downware" for "downward," and p. 184 "verbiage" seems wrongly used. It is to be hoped, too, that in another edition Mr. Jackson will give up capital letters and the female personification of architecture. "She is the most reasonable and logical of the



Arts," and "her outward form, when she is in a healthy state" neither sound well nor look well in English. But it must be added that the book is in all ways a charming one, beautifully printed and bound, and as pleasant in form to handle and peruse as it is thoughtful and entertaining in matter.

A. J. BUTLER.

### A QUIET LIFE

*Augustus Austen Leigh. A Record of College Reform.* By WILLIAM AUSTEN LEIGH. (Smith, Elder, 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. WILLIAM AUSTEN LEIGH has written the life of his brother, the late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, with just that modesty, unaffected loyalty, and absence of exaggeration, which befit his subject. He prefers to speak of himself as the editor rather than the author of the volume; but the book is, in fact, a careful and balanced study, not only of a character, but also of a critical epoch in the life of a college. "A Record of College Reform" is the sub-title; and it was the Provost's intimate connection during forty years with the transformation of King's, so Mr. Austen Leigh explains in the preface, that made the book a possibility. There never was a quieter or busier life than the Provost's; but it is not quiet and busy lives that give most materials for biography; and if the work which he accomplished in King's had not been of interest and importance in itself, it would have been difficult, without appearing to exaggerate, to write the life of Augustus Austen Leigh. He was not a man of genius, he was neither a great scholar nor a great preacher, he had no striking gift of talk or expression. But his was a nature on whose unselfish goodness and truth all who came into contact with him knew, beyond possibility of doubt, that they could entirely rely. It is difficult to explain in a picturesque or arresting manner the place which such a nature holds in life. It can only be said that all who knew Austen Leigh knew a good friend—a friend in whom thought of self or indifference or changeability had no part. It was inconceivable to those who had once known him that they could see him again without finding the same welcome, the same friendly interest as before. Unless he hold some position where work of a conspicuous kind is placed in his hands, a man of this character will not attract wide attention. But his friends will learn to realise that it is from natures like his that such words as goodness and unselfishness take their meaning; and they are not likely to think that men of whom that could be said are many or are likely to be.

Austen Leigh's life was of the simplest description. He was one of a distinguished succession of brothers (grand-nephews of Jane Austen), whose names for many years past have been household words at Eton and King's. Augustus entered college at Eton in 1852, preceded and closely followed by an elder and a younger brother, and in due course they passed to King's, where all three became Fellows under the old régime. As Fellow, Tutor, Vice-Provost and Provost, Augustus Austen Leigh remained at King's almost continuously for the rest of his life. The chapter covering the Eton years is contributed by Mr. Arthur C. James. That was a time in the life of the school which with all its anomalies and abuses and shortcomings had yet a certain heroic air, traditions of culture and freedom—upheld perhaps by few, but not lacking a liberal distinction—which a far more energetic and conscientious age does not always find easy to recapture! There is less than nothing of the sort to be said about King's up to that time. Eton had grown far beyond the intentions of her founder, and for many generations had lived in touch with the world. King's was equally different from the ideal of Henry VI., but instead of growing beyond had fallen below it. Between the great estates and the unique privileges, exempting it from all University examinations, which the College

enjoyed, it had become a strange little backwater, cut off not merely from the world, but even from the rest of Cambridge. Practically what Henry VI.'s fine flight of zeal and imagination had produced was a system of life-pensions awarded yearly without examination to a few Eton boys! If an Eton Foundation Scholar happened to reach the top of the school and to succeed to a vacancy at King's before he was nineteen, he might spend the rest of his life, provided that he did not marry, in comfortable and uninterrupted meditation at Cambridge, without being confronted with another anxiety or another surprise until the day of his death. The age of nineteen is perhaps the age at which a life-pension appears most desirable, the key to freedom and fame. But the King's system had for the most part proved to be a key to nothing of the kind. The place lacked the spirit of learned refinement and dignity, and though it possibly had not stagnated to a greater degree than other small colleges, its wealth, its magnificent buildings, its position as the appanage of Eton, all combined to make it a more conspicuous case. Within the last sixty years a change, set on foot by a group of remarkable men, has passed so entirely over all this that the very legend of the old order hardly exists for the modern undergraduate. The College preserves a special affinity towards Eton, but it is an affinity of sentiment, not a jealous and exclusive tie; it has grown rapidly, it shares completely in the life of the University, it maintains a special standard of scholarship. It is gratifying for King's men to reflect that the long series of reforms which all this implies sprang from within—not imposed by a despotic Commission from outside, but evolved by members of the College itself. Among that early liberal band the two most striking personalities were William Johnson (Cory), who watched the changes from Eton, and Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian. Johnson was a man whose incisive genius, whose rare and varied character, can never perhaps be fully felt except by those who inherited, directly or indirectly, the traditions which he bequeathed to his followers. Bradshaw was cast in a less difficult mould: and the influence of his wide sympathy and wisdom, of his humorous and extraordinarily lovable nature, was thrown into the scale of reform. But much as King's owed to these great men, it was Augustus Austen Leigh above all who guided and finally carried out its regeneration. He became Tutor in 1868, at the age of twenty-seven, and from then until his death in 1905 he never wavered in his efforts to win for his College the place it now holds. His brother traces with concise clearness the complicated steps by which the emancipation was effected. They were far too many and too technical to detail here, and the full account will doubtless be of interest chiefly to King's men. But enough has been said to show the extent of the change of which the late Provost saw the beginning and the completion. He was, of course, met at first with plenty of opposition and obstruction, but his reconciling courtesy and profound common sense steadily made their way. Very early in his career all those who worked with or against him recognised him as a man whom they could trust, who would never go back upon a friend or try to over-reach an opponent, who never lost sight of what was just, and who was incapable of stooping to play for his own hand. He became Provost in 1889, and married in the same year Miss Florence Lefroy. For the next sixteen years the Lodge at King's was the centre of a friendly hospitality which many generations of undergraduates have good reason to remember gratefully. The Provost was not outspoken upon intimate subjects, nor did he ever take the line, always viewed by youth with suspicion, of "gaining influence" over the young. But no one of the innumerable friends who remember him as a familiar figure on the lawns of King's or in the huge Chapel, ever had a moment's reason to doubt his never-failing interest and affection. When he died, quite suddenly and with little pain, in January 1905, his loss was felt to a degree which would have surprised him,

but could surprise no one else. There never was a wiser ruler of a College, a more humble-hearted man, a better friend, and of this only he himself was unaware.

### THE MODERN HISTORIAN

*Haddon: the Hall, its Lords and Traditions.* By G. LE BLANC SMITH. With illustrations by the author. (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE majority of our readers will be familiar with the story of the discovery, by Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, who visited Belvoir Castle on behalf of the Historical Manuscripts Commission in 1885, of a vast mass of priceless manuscripts relating to Haddon Hall, in a loft over a stable.

No one [we quote Sir Henry's own account] had entered the room for some years; a curtain of cobwebs hung from the rafters, and the floor was so covered with documents, piled to a height of three or four feet, that at first there was scarcely standing room. Over everything there was a thick layer of broken plaster and dirt, which made white paper indistinguishable from brown.

A labourer was called in to assist in the manual work, and it soon became evident that the loft had been tenanted by rats, who had done lasting damage to valuable manuscripts by gnawing and staining them:

Some documents had been reduced to powder, others had lost their dates or their signatures. The entire centre of a long letter in the hand of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had entirely disappeared. Those that remained were of a very varied character. A deed of the time of Henry II. was found among some granary accounts of the eighteenth century, and gossiping letters from the Court of Elizabeth among modern vouchers. Letters to Henry Vernon from the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick, and Kings Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., written on paper and folded very small, lay hidden between large leases engrossed on thick parchment.

Many of the deeds and documents were transcribed by Mr. W. A. Carrington and contributed to the Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological Society, and the late Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Pym Yeatman and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt have worked in the same field. Little more remained to be said, and Mr. Smith's beautifully illustrated book is, to some extent, a summary. He claims for it no originality, but we owe him a debt of gratitude for his attempt to dispose of the sentimental drivel which has grown up around the supposed elopement of Dorothy Vernon with John Manners and for the light he throws on points in the Haddon pedigree which have led former historians astray. Here our gratitude ceases: for the rest his book is a curious mixture of facts, jottings, errors and confusions; literary merit it has none.

The precise date of the building of Haddon Hall is unknown, but the Manor formed one of William the Conqueror's many gifts to William Peverel: he probably constructed part, and from his great grandson it passed to the Avenels. (When the fourth William Peverel, charged with poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester, forfeited his estates, Haddon Hall was not among the property inherited by the de Ferrars, who, presumably to show their disbelief in Peverel's guilt, discarded their armorial bearings—*Argent, six horseshoes sable*—and adopted his: *Vairé, or and gules*.) The earliest document among the Haddon muniments is an agreement between William Avenel and Richard de Vernon and Simon Basset, who married Avice and Elizabeth, his daughters and co-heiresses, in which the estate is divided between Vernon and Basset, the Hall itself going to Vernon. To Richard and Avice were born two sons, William and Robert, the former of whom married Margaret de Stockport, who bore him two sons, Richard and Robert. Both were banished, and the estate went to their cousin, Avice, the only daughter of the first Robert. She married a Gilbert le Franceis, and their son, Richard, adopted his mother's name. (It is this adoption of the name of Vernon which has led several historians astray and induced at least one of them to attempt to trace his descent from an

imaginary son of William Vernon.) He married Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gernon of Blakewell, but his son, Richard, who married Maude, or Matilda, de Campville, appears to have predeceased him and the estate went to his grandson William. Whom he married is uncertain (it certainly was not Joan ap Griffith, as Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt claimed, since she married his grandson), but his son, Richard, was a distinguished soldier who married Juliana de Pembrugge, and thus acquired the valuable Manor of Tong. It was their son, another Richard, who married Joan ap Griffith, and the third Richard, Treasurer of Calais, Captain of Rouen, Speaker of the Leicester Parliament, and Steward of the Peak Forest, was perhaps the most noteworthy of the Vernons who followed, if we except the famous Sir George, who won—and merited—the title of "King of the Peak." By his first wife, Margaret Taylebois, Sir George had two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy, but there was no issue of the second marriage. Of the two daughters, Margaret, the elder, married Sir Thomas Stanley, and Dorothy (the "Sweet Doll" of Haddon, "Dorothy o' the Hall," and so on) became the wife of John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland. He was in every way a desirable husband, and there is no record of any difference ever having arisen between him and Sir George Vernon, on whose death he succeeded to Haddon Hall. The room in which Dorothy Vernon is said to have been dancing on the night of her elopement and the steps down which she fled into the arms of her expectant lover (we beg pardon for the lapse into sentimentality) were not built at the time of her marriage, and in point of fact she did not elope at all.

Mr. le Blanc Smith has interesting and informative chapters on the tapestry, furniture, etc., but they do not strike us—we may be wrong—as being based on first-hand knowledge. We must protest very strongly against the author's habit of introducing matter of his own into quotations; thus, in an inventory dated 1639, we have:

A longe spoone (not for "supping with the devil," we hope).

It may be very funny, an exquisite jest, but this kind of humour should be relegated to the foot-notes. It is not the only instance of irritating interjections: we could cite twenty. Again, a number of cheap sneers such as those on pages 82 and 93 might well have been omitted, and the interjections on pages 150 and 154 are merely vulgar. For whom does our author think he is writing when he deems it necessary to add to the item "payd for an Accidence" in the selections from the "Steward's [sic] Accounts 1549-1671," a note to the effect that "Accidence book" means "a little book containing the first principles of the Latin tongue"? Three pages further on is a note to the word "taftie"—"Taffeta, a sort of thin lace." Mr. Smith may buy a taffeta shirt at Messrs. So-and-So's in Burlington Arcade which he will discover to be by no means "a sort of thin lace." On the word "vellvett" the author is illuminating. It means, he explains, "velvet." If a second edition of this book should be called for he might do well to revise sentences such as: "The fine was ultimately reduced to £10,000, thanks to the endeavours of Sir Robert Cecil, who might very well have done the reverse;" and "Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt makes the terrible mistake of taking Sir George Vernon as brother of Henry Vernon (owner of Sudbury) whereas he was his cousin, being son of his (Sir George's) father's brother John, who married Helen Montgomery;" and so on. On page 15 there is an absolute contradiction on line 11 of a statement made on lines 1 and 2; on the same page "care" should be "case"; in the pedigree on page 4 "de Franceis" should be "le Franceis"; in the same pedigree we have "Havis de Vernon" though in three other pedigrees she is given as "Avice" and she is Avice in the text; and on page 16 we read (of Juliana de Pembrugge): "Juliana de Vernon, after the death of her second husband, Richard de Vernon, retired into seclusion, seeking refuge in a convent." Her first husband was the



Vernon mentioned, her second Sir Thomas de Wennesley. We have not space to point out more of the errors in the book. We shall keep it on our shelves—for its illustrations.

### IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN

*Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes.* In twenty volumes. Vols. xiii. and xiv. (MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net each.)

THE documents which Samuel Purchas was at such pains to collect are no longer, we are inclined to fear, as essential to the proper outfit of a traveller to the North Pole or the West Indies as they were some three hundred years ago or as Baedeker's packed books are now. Even Captain Cook has been replaced by another Cook. Time has robbed Purchas's work of its intrinsic value and endowed it with unspeakable charm. These two of the twenty large comely volumes in which Purchas makes the world's discoverers write "the history of the world in sea voyages and lande travells" contain records of voyages to the far North to search for the North-western passage, or to get oil or morses' teeth, and always to find adventure. They contain also a long account of Russia and "the occurrents of principall note which happened in the time while the Honorable Sir Thomas Smith remained there Embassadour from his Majestie." Of this Sir T. Smith, Stowe chronicles that "he became so gracious with the Emperor that he fully obtained whatsoever he desired." And both Stowe and Purchas exclaim at Russian affairs with as much justice as the modern journalist exclaims to-day:

And now Russia blushed with impudencie, that is with shamelesse sight of the daily effusion and profusion of her best blood; now every man was an Actor: and oh had they beene but Actors! too really did they present (not represent) bloudie Tragedies, of which their whole Countrey was become the Theatre; the Devil the Choragus (a Murderer from the beginning) and the whole World Spectator, stupid with admiration, quaking with horror of so uncouth a sight!

That was in 1612: in 1906 the world still stares in horror.

But Russian confusion occupies only a small part of the volumes, which deal chiefly with the voyages of Thomas Edge, of Robert Fotherby, of Jonas Poole, of Josias Logan, of Arngnim Jones, who wrote about the Goths, and of the famous Henry Hudson, who left his name to far-off bays. For the most part the accounts are *naïf* log-books, though Arngnim Jones was learned in the strange language of Ulfilas, and Henry Hudson had something of great Raleigh's width of outlook. They dropped down the Thames from Blackwall, past Greenwich and Gravesend, and set sail for the white unknown, to lands inhabited by bears and morses. They named the coves and hills of these lands after themselves or in memory of some exploit or misadventure; and if they came upon other men they pointed to their flag of possession and regarded them as intruders upon themselves and the great bears and little foxes and the ice and the fog and the snow. Their own ingenuity was pitted against the elements of unknown lands and little-known seas. They knew less than a boy knows now who has read his Ballantyne. They struggled desperately, and gave thanks quietly to God when the ice did not crush their boats to atoms and the fogs lifted before their ships drifted aground. And they would come back, year after year, to the island which had become their own by discovery, as Jonas Poole used to come back to Cherie Island, leaving London in April and returning towards the end of August, and perhaps find again their own traces—boats and rough shelters, which some previous year they had used and abandoned, and which must have filled them with a thrilling sense of proprietorship. Jonas Poole could not resist telling of each bear he saw or wounded or killed. Bears worked a subtle fascination over him: bears obsessed him. On one occasion he landed with his men and at once espied three bears, two of whom walked away, but

the third stood still champing and foaming as though he would have eaten us. . . . I let the angry devill come within two Pikes lengths and gave him such a welcome that he fell down stone dead.

They proceeded farther and found the shallop which they had left the year before, and sat down to eat a little food; however:

wee were no sooner set to eat than there came a Beare with two young ones as big as Lambes of a moneth old: they skipped about their dams necke and played with one another very wantonly.

Jonas shot at the dam but missed her, though she came very near, and the flint of his musket broke and prevented him slaying the next he saw, which a friend shot in the foot; but he was consoled by seeing soon another

huge Beare fast a sleep on the Snow. I went softly towards him and gave him such a flip that he never rose out of the place where he lay.

This makes capital reading, and it is not likely that the stories of their adventures lost spice in the telling when the sailors were spending autumn and winter evenings in London taverns; and their tales would fire the imaginations of the listeners, who would not know what to believe and what not to believe where all was marvellous and new. Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner, two of Henry Hudson's company, actually saw a mermaid. Thomas saw her first and called to Robert Rayner, and they both looked at her, for

by that time shee was come close to the ships side, looking earnestly on the man: a little after a Sea came and overthrew her: . . . her back and breasts were like a womans (as they say that saw her) her body as big as one of us; her skin very white, and long haire hanging down behind, of colour blacke: in her going down they saw her tayle which was like the tayle of a Porposse and speckled like a Macrell.

And all would agree that in those lands the sun did not go down for weeks together, and that the sound of the cracking ice was loud as the crash of artillery. No wonder that the poets found inspiration in the London taverns, and that men lived almost in the streets where at any moment they might meet some fellow with a new tale of the world's wonder, that might very likely be true.

### TWO ASPECTS OF FLORENTINE HISTORY

*The Florentine History.* By NICCOLÒ MACCHIAVELLI. Translated by N. H. THOMSON. 2 vols. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

*The Guilds of Florence.* By EDGUMBE STALEY. (Methuen, 16s. net.)

THE changes which in our time have come over the methods and ideals of history could scarcely find a better illustration than that afforded by a comparison of these two works. Both deal mainly with the history of Florence in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but the ground they cover is so different, and their point of view is so unlike, that, were it not for an occasional mention of the same facts and a rather more frequent occurrence of the same names, they would seem to describe two civilisations, separated widely alike by time and distance. Of the two books, Mr. Staley's is that which explains Florence to a modern reader, and without some such study Macchiavelli's narrative is but half intelligible. The modern work of research results in a collection of facts of which, in the day and in the country of the Medicean writer, some were too well known to need explanation, while the rest had been forgotten and their importance for historical purposes was not recognised. The space which Macchiavelli devotes to home affairs is chiefly taken up by bloody riots, feuds, personal ambitions and revenges, and sudden changes in the government; while the greater part of his book is a chronicle of mock-heroic warfare waged by hired captains and mercenary soldiers, the intrigues of Popes and princes, and the ever-changing leagues and alliances between Milan, Naples, Florence, Rome, Genoa and Venice. The part which Florence sustained in these international wranglings and peace-makings was but an outcome of her inner life and

development. Her foreign affairs were managed for her by a few citizens deputed to act as ambassadors, or by the mercenary leaders whom she employed. To engage in a war or to make a peace was a question of money, not of the lives of the citizens, who stayed at home carrying on their business. Consequently, money being plentiful in Florence, the chief thing to be dreaded from complications abroad was that the unsuccessful issue of some war or embassy might cause dissatisfaction and dissensions, and the citizens take sides and shed each other's blood. The costly wars in which Florence took part, and to a large extent her internal conspiracies and revolutions, must now sink into comparative insignificance, for they affected her life merely as disturbances and hindrances to its peaceful development. We shall seek the true history of the Renaissance in Florence in the rise of prosperity and republican liberty under the Guilds, and in the increase of riches and the gradual loss of liberty as the Medici became more important and the Guilds less powerful.

That Florence and the Guilds of Florence were at one time one and the same thing is apparent immediately from one or two considerations. Not only did commercial life give proof of its stability by continuing on its course little touched by revolution and war, but it was practically impossible for a Florentine to rise to any eminence owing to his personal position. Everything must be attained through the guilds. Early in the history of the city the commons began to restrict the powers of the nobles, until by 1343 the nobles were entirely excluded from any share in the government. A curious instance of the subjection of the Nobili by the commons is to be found in one of the articles in the code of the guild of Bankers and Money-changers. It enacts that if any noble of the city or contado of Florence should "presume to enter unasked the residences or offices of the Guild," he would be fined ten *lire* and not set at liberty until the whole fine had been paid. Imagine the astonishment of the grandees of Venice if they had been brought face to face with a democracy of this temper! Afterwards many noble Florentine families, in order to recover their lost position, renounced their titles and became enrolled as members of one or another of the guilds. The guilds appointed the Podestà and the Gonfaloniere, the heads of the State, together with all the councils and committees. The judges were not merely controlled by the guilds, but were themselves enrolled as a guild, together with the notaries, and were subject to the same limitations and surveillance as the merchant-guilds. The landed gentry of the Contado, in order to sell the wine made on their estates, had to become members of the Guild of Wine Merchants. Most of the famous painters, sculptors, poets, historians and scholars were members of the guilds. Dante, as is well known, was a member of the Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries, and was a Prior in 1300; Luca della Robbia held office in the same guild upwards of thirty times; while we find that in 1281 Brunetto Latini, famous as scholar and sinner, brought before the Signoria a proposal to appoint inspectors whose duty should be to detect frauds on the part of the retailers of meat and fish! Another side-light on Dante may be mentioned here. It will be remembered that in *Inferno* xvii. Dante says he could not recognise the faces of the usurers whom he saw in that circle, but that each had hanging from his neck a purse, or pouch, of a certain shape or colour, with arms painted upon it. This is no more artifice on the part of Dante, as some have thought, to vary his method of recognising the people of the lower world, but it refers to a well-established custom in old Florence, whereby men used to wear a leather pouch, the shape of which denoted the guild to which they belonged, while on the front might be shown either the arms of the wearer's family or those of his guild.

Mr. Thomson's version of the *Storie Fiorentine* is in all important respects to be commended, as it is both readable and accurate. The chief criticism we have to offer is that, especially at the beginning of the book, there is some attempt at writing in an archaic manner, which does

not harmonise at all well with very modern phrases to be found later on. The writer who uses the expression "factious humours" surprises us unpleasantly when he says afterwards that "the Cerchi decided to have it out with the Donah." The phrase, "one man, *who may be disabled by obstruction or removed by death*" is awkward. And is it fair to the memory of Lorenzo de' Medici to represent him as having said: "I have more enemies in this city than I had thought for"?

Mr. Staley has done so much good work that it is a thousand pities he should have added to his book pages and pages of writing which is both valueless and unworthy. The work of research has been carried out patiently and conscientiously. An account is given of each Guild, its origin, constitution, development and decline. In these chapters we read of the officers of the Guilds, their codes, the rules by which employers and workmen were bound, and those regulating prices, conditions of sale, export and import. The author also gives a good many technical details of the processes employed by some of the guilds, for instance the Guild of Wool and of the Calimala, or foreign cloth merchants. The work is beautifully illustrated by numerous plates reproducing old prints, pictures, miniatures and carvings, an especial feature being supplied by photographs of the della Robbia work. Many chapters strongly impress the reader with Mr. Staley's grasp of his subject and his recognition of the comparative importance of its various ramifications. In fact, so long as he is giving us information we have no word for him but thanks. But why will he persist in trying to "write up" his subject? It did not need it, and, what is more, the author cannot do it. The inevitable opening and concluding paragraphs, vapid, feeble, sometimes nonsensical, and the wildly metaphorical eulogies of Florence and her famous citizens, contribute a good deal to the size and weight of a volume already huge and heavy, but to its interest, nothing at all. The following sentence, for instance, represents no thought, but is merely inserted to lead up to a few remarks on Leather: "As to who first wore coverings on the feet nobody knows, and probably nobody cares; but no age and no nation has ever been without them." Why, God 'a mercy, fellow, if the second part of the sentence be true, then the answer to the question contained in the first is obvious, namely, the first man of the first nation of the first age. Of what use, too, is a sentence like the following:

The Men of Letters of the Renaissance, whose sun rose and shone in Florence, form a paradise of celebrities which have placed the Fair City upon the premier throne of the Valhalla of Learning.

There are many paragraphs and pages which do no more towards advancing the subject than the two sentences we have quoted. The reader is constantly worried by inaccurate citations of Italian words and phrases, while Dante, who is constantly referred to, is never quoted but always represented by translations which can only be called ridiculously bad. It is with real regret that we find a work of so much intrinsic worth defaced by the inclusion of so much which is unnecessary and irritating to read.

#### THE UNCLASSED

*Glimpses into the Abyss.* By MARY HIGGS. (King & Son, 3s. 6d.)

FOR many years Mrs. Higgs has been earnestly and actively interested in tramp life—the causes of vagrancy, the temptations to it, its miseries, and their daily aggravation by official ignorance and a neglect that runs to positive cruelty. Eager for reform, she has not been content with such an understanding of the matter as may be drawn from official statistics, or from the unceasing supply of information gathered by journalistic enterprise and reported with journalistic emphasis. Starting with but one half-crown in her pocket, she has spent days on the tramp with tramps, nights in the casual wards of



workhouses, and other days and nights in common lodging-house dens, not excluding such as are the haunts of the most degraded prostitution. These investigations she thought necessary to a right comprehension of "the root problems of poverty," and to their solution by the grand desideratum, scientific method. So far there has been no attempt at scientific method, or at any rate no published discovery of anything of the kind. But Mrs. Higgs thinks a scientific mode of treatment achievable, if inquiry into the facts be accompanied by "investigation into deterioration of human personality, viewed from the psychological, medical, and religious points of view." By how much Mrs. Higgs would claim to have cleared the way to scientific treatment by these means we are uncertain. But this much may be said—the statistics are here in full force, and though we do not find in her pages much aid from psychological, medical, and religious study, aids they certainly are; while as for inquiry, as for experiential investigation of the facts of the matter as they exist to-day, we are almost inclined to doubt whether there are two other women in England who would have carried it so far or repeated it so often as did Mrs. Higgs and the companion of her loathsome adventures. As these adventures are here described—that is to say with a detail which stops at nothing short of the absolutely unspeakable—the wonder is that they could be endured more than once by such investigators; nor, indeed, does there seem to have been any necessity for continuing them so often. We say this the more confidently because, when the outlines of the common lodging-house life and the life on tramp are drawn, and when they are touched in here and there with a significant hint (and that has been done a hundred times in the last twenty years) the worst details are at once understood: we know what they are by knowing what they must be. There is no need to describe them in print: certainly no need to describe them in all their naked offensiveness three times over. We do not know, however, that we should have urged this criticism against Mrs. Higgs's book were it not likely to be taken into general lending-library reading, or if its descriptions had been confined to the hardships and horrors of casual wards and "doss-houses." But that is not the case. The persistent reader of this book, whoever he or she may be, will spend two or three days and nights in a sixpenny lodging-house populated by the lowest and foulest women of the town: and here he (or she) will become acquainted with all the detail of their lives, habits, and conversation, short of the absolutely unspeakable. Of what service are these pages likely to be for those who are either learned or unlearned in the subject? A more unprofitable, unedifying superfluity of nastiness can hardly be conceived, no matter into whose hands the book is likely to fall. Yet we cannot end without expressing a very sincere regret at being compelled to make these remarks, so generous are the author's intentions and so willing has she been to endure the most odious sacrifice of feeling in endeavouring to carry them out.

#### WOMEN'S WORK

*Women's Work and Wages.* By EDWARD CADBURY, M. CÉCILE MATHESON and GEORGE SHANN. (Unwin, 6s.)

THREE out of the four aims which the writers of this book set before themselves have been successfully accomplished. They have succeeded in giving a wide and interesting survey of the conditions of women's work in Birmingham, and thus in enabling the progress towards future improvement to be measured. And they have also dealt, as far as possible in the space, with the question: "To what extent the present industrial and social conditions are helping forward or retarding the physical, mental and moral condition of the workers." Their views on the latter point are based on considerable experience and will certainly be useful to all whose zeal for industrial reforms is in need of definite guidance.

But the chief importance of the book consists in the mass of facts it contains, many of which are little known to the outside world. For instance, the widespread belief that men and women workers are two competing groups is shown to be on the whole groundless; the branches in which they are employed are mostly different. And, again, the assumption that, since women are largely dependent on men, their wages are low because "auxiliary" is confronted by the fact that in Birmingham in almost every trade the married women get higher wages than the unmarried. The overcrowded state of the market for women's work appears to be the result partly of the desire of the better class of girls for the kind of trade which offers decent surroundings, partly of the various causes which tend to make women less skilled, and partly of their failure to combine. It is satisfactory to find that places where cleanliness and order of person and language are demanded are popular with girls and that they show an ardent desire to "keep themselves respectable." In spite of this, however, many of them drift into the first trade suggested, without knowing much about its conditions; and often they are driven to choose an inferior one because the better trades entail an apprenticeship of months or even years, and during the apprenticeship merely a "pocket-money wage." Naturally also the expectation of marriage interferes to some extent with a girl's energy in learning her trade, and so tends to keep her unskilled. On the whole it is a gloomy view that is given of the present condition of women's work in Birmingham, and the completeness of its detail will be of great service to reformers in search of material.

The fourth aim of the writers, as stated in the introduction, is

to indicate upon what lines they think reformers will obtain the best results in their attempt to raise and brighten the lives of those who are the future mothers of the race.

Here their success is less complete. It is, perhaps, too much to ask that those who have the interests of wage-earners deeply at heart should altogether escape the anti-capitalist bias which so often distorts or obscures economic theory and prevents any far-seeing view of industrial causes and effects. Yet we cannot help thinking that this blemish rather excessively pervades some parts of the book. When it is a question merely of providing lavatories, ventilation, girls' clubs or classes, of shortening work-time, or improving the special rules for dangerous trades, the reader's sympathy is entirely on the side of the authors of the book; their proposals seem based on knowledge.

It is difficult, however, to accept in the same spirit suggestions arising out of the half-true assumptions and shallow generalisations which the older and more abstract theory allows the wage-earner to make or interpret in his own favour. When, for instance, the factors of production are crudely distinguished as "Land, Labour, and Capital," when such factors as enterprise, foresight, organisation, employers' industry, are left out of account, it is easy to draw all sorts of false conclusions. Thus, in the chapter on Wages the old assumption is made that Labour and Capital are related only as a pair of dogs fighting for a bone—namely, for the largest possible share of "the national dividend"; and that Labour is the relatively weak dog, who therefore fails to get his fair share. It is apparently taken for granted that we can know by instinct what is a fair or normal share, for we do not find this perplexing but important question raised, though the proposal to cut the knot by enforcing a "minimum wage" is favoured in another chapter. But as things now are it is assumed that the labourer's fighting disability as against the capitalist is itself sufficient evidence that his share of the product must be an unfair one. And it does not seem to have occurred to the writer that, since the disability consists precisely in the fact that the labourer is not a capitalist, the only remedy would be either to turn him into one or else to turn the capitalist into a wage-earner. In the latter case it is not clear who would be entrusted

with the important functions now performed by the employer of labour, though a vague hope of something like the nationalisation of capital seems suggested in the concluding chapter. It is easy, on paper, to throw all our real difficulties into that convenient receptacle, the State.

Again, in another place, by means of the same insufficient analysis, the conclusion is reached (p. 302) that:

of the joint product of these factors the owners of capital and land, though comparatively very few in number, take an enormous share;

and that consequently the main problem is to be solved by the simple process of squeezing "Profits" till the desires of the wage-earner are satisfied; and though it is true enough that "no one has a moral right to use a man or woman merely as a means of producing wealth," and quite possible that "the end of work should be to develop and humanise the life of the worker," the really important question is how such aphorisms are to be applied, or such ideals to be approached in practice. Merely by themselves, and in virtue of their own inherent excellence, they do not allow us straight away to assume that in given cases profits can be lowered without depressing the trade as a whole and therefore curtailing employment. The question is what can actually be done, not merely what would be ideally desirable. For we all agree that extreme poverty, and extreme luxury, are blots on our civilisation; what we want to know is how they may be abolished or mitigated. For this purpose it is well to study the conditions of labour as they really are, and not to accept unquestioned the partial view which is natural to the impatient sympathiser with suffering. The value of this book consists in its contribution to such a study, and its defect consists in its occasional disregard of facts and difficulties that should be faced by any sound economic theory.

#### CANADA'S FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

*The Canadian War of 1812.* By C. P. LUCAS, C.B. (Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some civil servants who retire and write dull memoirs, there are others who take an interest in their profession and write, while still on the active list, for the edification and enjoyment of their countrymen. Mr. C. P. Lucas, already known as a keen exponent of colonial history and geography, is happily one of the latter and more useful class. With an inside knowledge of the Colonial Office, he has been able to approach the subject of the Canadian War of 1812 to great advantage; the result of his labours is, though not free from defects, a splendid instalment of Canadian history. The war, as the national war of Canada, is of great importance to those who study colonial history: it was, as Mr. Lucas says, "at once the supplement and the corrective of the American War of Independence." It became of importance, because it illustrated the failure of men who had once been citizens of the British Empire to subdue other British colonists turning their frontier and facing their settlements. That it has been comparatively ignored by historians, in England at any rate, is due chiefly to the accident of time when it was waged.

Its incidents were to Englishmen completely overshadowed by the far more glorious record of the Peninsula and Waterloo. The last thing in the world that the British government and the British people desired in the midst of their sore trial and distress was this additional war with the United States of America. They were loath to enter into it. They were glad to be quit of it; and they willingly tried to forget it, not least because, while it lasted, the British navy—Nelson's own navy—had distinctly lost reputation.

The war is remembered most because of the fight between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, an incident very briefly described in this book, and it deserves to be studied because of its amphibious character. The water communications in the main scene of fighting give to the

operations their chief military interest; but from the point of view of colonial history the war was of greater interest.

This latter aspect is described by Mr. Lucas very clearly and well: he has done what Kingsford in his history of Canada hoped to do. Mr. Lucas would have us study the war also because "in no war were the merits and defects of citizen soldiers more clearly to be seen, or the priceless value in the early stages of such a war of a nucleus of trained men." The facts may be as thus stated, but unfortunately Mr. Lucas writes of the political events in one way and the military in another. We need read no more than half a dozen pages to discover that the author is a civilian. Infantry regiments have no "flags"; the 49th is not now the Berkshire regiment but the first battalion of that regiment, and the 41st is not the Welsh regiment but the first battalion of that regiment. It may be urged that these are small details; that they are, but they show better than longer examples that Mr. Lucas is not a military historian. We are grateful to him for the maps, reproduced from a volume published in 1813, but battle-plans, based on the known facts, would have made the history more intelligible.

#### 'IN MEMORIAM' AND "THE DOOR OF HUMILITY"

THE readers of the ACADEMY owe thanks to the editor for drawing their attention, in the issue of August 4, to Mr. Mallock's acute and attractive paper in the *National Review* on Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and the present Laureate's "Door of Humility." The subject of both is largely the same—the efforts of a poet assailed with doubts to find some foothold for faith. Mr. Mallock tries to show that in dealing philosophically with the problem Mr. Austin is far the more successful. We do not hold this opinion, but we do not propose to discuss the question here. The article, however, is very stimulating and suggestive, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. The part of it which offends us is his comparison of the two poets as executants. In mastery of technique Tennyson is the peer of Milton. Mr. Austin is often so careless as to justify the attribution to him of the term "slipshod." Mr. Mallock admits carelessness, but he has not adverted to many of the most slovenly and formless passages in "The Door of Humility." He directs our attention to one very beautiful verse, which we do not apologise for quoting again:

The fluttering of the fallen leaves  
Dimples the leaden pool awhile;  
So Age impassively receives  
Youth's tale of troubles with a smile.

This is a delicately expressed thought, a little marred by the last line, which is too closely packed. This is a characteristic defect in the Laureate's muse. Some of his verses are nearly as hard to read aloud as Browning's:

Draughts dregwards loose tongues tied;

For instance,

Around me; fixedly shine the stars

and

The eyes of yashmaked odalisques.

But there are other offences far more serious. Can Mr. Mallock have overlooked a gross violation of grammar in the use of "lay" as a transitive verb instead of "laid"?

Borne by that tearful Mother whom,  
Nigh unto Ostia's shelving sand,  
Augustine lay in lonely tomb  
Ere sailing for his Afric land.



We should like to know how Mr. Mallock would construe :

Nor like to those that cross the main  
To wander witless in strange land,  
Hearing unmastered tongues, disdain  
The speech they do not understand.

The only theory we can form is that, by a vulgar error, Mr. Austin used "like" for "as." We sometimes hear in talk the atrocity "Like I did."

We are unable to parse "begin" in

Yet whence came Life, and how begin?  
Rolleth the globe by choice or chance?

and we find the same difficulty with "be" in the last line of the following verse :

Yet if one's upward gaze could be  
But stationed where the planets are,  
The star were restless as the sea,  
The sea be tranquil as the star.

The metre is well handled, as a rule; but there are flaws, as in

That bade the land appear and bring  
Forth herb and leaf, both fruit and flower,

where the divorce of "bring" from "forth" is intolerable to the ear. Again, we have

The worm and me He also made

where the meaning demands "me also."  
In Monica's letter we find

When did your singing voice awake,

though there is no interrogation, and the meaning is "awoke." So

The Pagan gods can help us not

for "cannot help us." On p. 82 there is a piece of gross carelessness, where

My will withstand

is printed, though the rhyme demands

Withstand my will;

and surely "that" should be "than" in the first line of stanza ix. p. 138.

We have laboured in vain to find the point of the simile in :

Godhead, withal, remains the same,  
And Art embalms its symbols still;  
As Poets, when athirst for Fame,  
Still dream of Aganippe's rill.

Will some reader of the ACADEMY lighten our darkness?

Comparatives like "more large," "more great," "more old" offend the ear when the monosyllabic adjective is a common and unambitious word; not so when the word has some colour in it, as in Milton's

The bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.

The poet is not often guilty of *bathos*, but sometimes he can hardly be acquitted of that sin :

They scan, they prate, they marvel why  
The figures still expressive glow,  
Oblivious they were painted by  
Adoring Fra Angelico.

Sometimes we have a Latinism such as may often be met in Coventry Patmore, whose influence on the Laureate is quite perceptible :

The belfry strikes the silvery hour,  
Announcing her propinquity.

As we have been looking only for faults, perhaps we may draw attention to two beautiful passages :

Rain, wind, and rain. The writhing lake  
Scuds to and fro to scape their stroke :  
The mountains veil their heads, and make  
Of cloud and mist a wintry cloak.

Through where the arching pinewoods make  
Dusk cloisters down the mountain side,  
The loosened avalanches take  
Valeward their way, with death for guide,

And toss their shaggy manes and fling  
To air their foam and tawny froth,  
From ledge and precipice bound and spring,  
With hungry roar and deepening wrath ;

Till, hamlet homes and orchards crushed,  
And, rage for further ravin stayed,  
They slumber, satiated, hushed,  
Upon the ruins they have made.

I rise from larch-log hearth, and, lone,  
Gaze on the spears of serried rain,  
That faster, nigher, still are blown,  
Then stream adown the window pane.

The peasant's goatskin garments drip,  
As home he wends with lowered head,  
Shakes off the drops from lid and lip,  
Then slinks within his chalet shed.

The cattle bells sound dull and hoarse,  
The boats rock idly by the shore ;  
Only the swollen torrents course  
With faster feet and fuller roar.

Mournful, I shape a mournful song,  
And ask the heavens, but ask in vain,  
"How long, how long?" Ah! not so long  
As, in my heart, rain, wind, and rain.

These fine stanzas are somewhat marred by the last, which could easily be ridiculed. The second passage has an intolerable *hyperbaton* in "deem they" for "they deem" in the fourth verse :

How blest, when organ concords swell,  
And anthems are intoned, are they  
Who neither reason nor rebel,  
But meekly bow their heads and pray.

And such the peasants mountain-bred,  
Who hail to-day with blithe accord  
Her Feast Who to the Angel said,  
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Downward they wind from pastoral height,  
Of hamlet grouped round shattered towers,  
To wend to shrine more richly dight,  
And bring their gift of wilding flowers ;

Their gifts, their griefs, their daily needs,  
And lay these at Her statue's base,  
Who never, deem they, intercedes  
Vainly before the Throne of Grace.

Shall I, because I stand apart,  
A stranger to their pious vows,  
Scorn their humility of heart,  
That pleads before the Virgin Spouse,

Confiding that the Son will ne'er,  
If in His justice wroth with them,  
Refuse to hearken to Her prayer  
Who suckled Him in Bethlehem?

Mr. Mallock has pointed out many instances of distorted order of words, some worse than any which we have noted. We do not accuse him of being too lenient to a slovenliness which must be very offensive to his fastidious ear. But we protest against the absurdity of affecting to hold the balance between the most perfect executant among the British poets and one who, however graceful and fascinating at times, is capable of giving to the world from the Laureate's chair such clumsy work as that of which we have given examples.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## WHITE NIGHTS

THE quiet moonlight making  
A silence dear and deep  
For the sleep that half is waking  
And the waking that half is sleep;

White nights when the spirit-places  
And the wonder-ways are trod,  
And the raptured soul embraces  
The Kingdom and Heart of God.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## AGAINST CERTAIN OF OUR POETS

Quam opinionem magni errores consecuti sunt: quos auxerunt poetæ.

CICERO, *Tusc. Quest.*, lib. i. 16.

Totaque de ratione humationis unum tenendum est; ad corpus illam pertinere, sive occiderit animus, sive vigeat; in corpore autem perspicuum est, vel extincto animo, vel elapso, nullum residere sensum.

CICERO, *Tusc. Quest.*, lib. i. 43.

"EVERYTHING is spoilt by use," Keats declared in his plea for the enlargement of the Fancy, and this sweeping assertion perhaps nowhere encloses more truth than when applied to metaphor and simile. "Spoilt" seems, indeed, scarcely a strong enough word for the process of deterioration which here often occurs. Of course not by any means invariably. It may be all very well that a metaphor should expand itself into an apologue; very harmless that a simile should condense itself into a new dictionary word, though even this does argue a certain amount of preliminary triteness and damnable iteration. Still the tendency is as a rule a thing to be guarded against. We should "ever let the Fancy roam," but bear in mind that she is by nature a vagrant, and must be kept moving on. If she takes up her abode permanently anywhere in particular, or so much as loiters there over-long, it is probably with felonious intent. And similes and metaphors, being essentially Fancy-bred, inherit their parent's qualities. They are like the thistledown, a trifle light almost as the air on which it floats, a pretty and innocent-looking sort of furbelow to adorn the sunshine of late-summer days, yet possessing properties that, should the dainty white tuft descend, manifest themselves later in a stubborn, prickly, very reprehensible shape. More aptly, perhaps, they might be likened to the watercress, which we know as a wholesome, and to some tastes agreeable, garnish of our bread-and-butter, yet which beneath the too kindly skies of the Antipodes has unlearned its humble creeping habits, and, waxen hugely, has taken upon itself to turn awry the currents of strong-flowing rivers. For it has happened not once or twice in the story of humanity that very important streams of thought and action have been given their set through the ages by nothing more nor less than an over-grown figure of speech.

Ancient and obvious among these is the likening of death to sleep. At first, no doubt, it may have been rather an identification than a comparison, while mortal men were slow to learn that there was a difference not alone of degree but of kind between the two states. In fact they can hardly be said even to have thoroughly mastered the lesson; and the charge now brought against certain of our poets is connected with such a failure, though merely a small modern instance of it.

As old as the hills, of course, or at least as the hill-folk, is a belief that dead bodies retain personality and sense, and not only so, but that their proprietors by some mysterious law have a conscious existence simultaneously both in and out of them, "double-lived in regions new."

Here a *locus classicus* is the well-known Homeric passage where we find the souls of mighty heroes sent to Hades, while they *themselves*, their corpses namely, become a prey to dogs and fowls:

πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν  
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεύχε κύνεσσιν  
οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι—

Nor need we go back all the way to the tale of Troy town for examples of this strange mental confusion. A couple of thousand years later, Claudio in *Measure for Measure* when suddenly confronted with his latter end, gives wild and whirling words to his apprehensions that although he goes he knows not whither, he may at the same time lie in cold obstruction, and bathe in fiery floods, a view which, albeit more dolorous in details, does not essentially differ from that of pre-historic Hellas. Again, there is nothing distinctively modern in the assumption that death does not really part soul from body, and that they are buried together. We find this both before and after Shakespeare. Chaucer's Duke Theseus speaks of how fate decrees a man to be

Nowe with his love, nowe in the colde grave,  
Alone, withouten anie companye.

Spenser's Despair eulogises the end that "lays the soul to rest in quiet grave"; and the Poets' theory of ghosts in general regards the tomb as at least the trap-door through which they must emerge, if not as their fixed abode.

What does seem to be a comparatively new note is the attempt to represent such a state of things as compatible with positive pleasure on the part of those who are thus buried alive. The merely negative advantage of profound repose, that we might well conceive to be the utmost possible in such circumstances, does not satisfy many of our modern bards. They will not be content that a dead body should lie in its coffin, insensible, entranced; wide awake they will have it, and aware of its surroundings both above and below ground—the change of the seasons, the growth of vegetation, the song of birds, the visits of friends—and, moreover, capable of enjoying the whole thing. Abundant evidence of this may be found *passim* in the verse of our last hundred years or so. For, roughly speaking, the beginning of the nineteenth century was the date when this ghoulish mode first became prevalent, and it has remained with us ever since.

The cause, or causes, which it must have had may possibly be traced, in some measure at least, to the publication about that time of a famous poem by a great poet: Wordsworth's "We are Seven." It is true that the poem, which, by the way, contains a very imperfect rhyme to the much discussed word "porringer," does not strike any such note. Designed avowedly to illustrate the invincible ignorance of childhood on a certain point, its utterances are altogether dramatic. Opinions may differ as to their propriety and verisimilitude. To some people the little cottage girl may seem childish almost "beyond the reason of her youthful years," even though they were not more than eight. Others may hold that a natural instinct would have apprised her, through all her simplicity and vital vigour, or that she must have been singularly unimaginative and incurious to have so placidly acquiesced in the state of Jane and John; or else that the circumstance of her graveyard dwelling made her an exception and not a rule. Be that as it may, Wordsworth himself has explicitly and implicitly disclaimed all participation in this fancy:

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

But readers are ever prone to ignore the distinction between an author's own sentiments and those of his characters. "As Shakespeare says," prefaces many a statement the ascription of which to himself might well have



vexed his soul more than any meddling with his bones. And it would be quite in accordance with this propensity if Wordsworth's admirers and imitators should fasten upon the prominent features of the situation described in the poem, overlooking the fact that it is described as it appears to a little girl of eight. "Here," they may have reflected, "are two children dead and buried, yet supposed capable of listening while a third child sings. Why not follow the suggestion further, and imagine that many such faculties do persist after burial: that there are all manner of devices for fleeing the time in the grave whither we are going? The theme admits of innumerable variations, gay, pathetic, and withal easy enough to execute." And upon this hint they wrote, with results which presently began to appear in the "Keepsakes," "Garlands," and periodical literature of their day.

Then in the next generation came another well-known poem, which seems likely to have had the same effect—Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children." This is also, of course, mainly dramatic; but equally, of course, the same class of readers would neglect to observe that it is her contemporaries who extol the happy lot of "Little Alice" in having died last year.

If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;  
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:  
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
The shroud by the kirk-chime.

Was Mrs. Browning conscious as she wrote of what a ghastly *eipwreia* lurked in her words? It may be presumed so, as she proceeds to comment on them:

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have."

For a very deadly liveliness is in truth a marked characteristic of these speculations, even when they are to be taken as the outcome of sincere ignorance. Yet she has herself on more than one occasion indulged in them without that palliating excuse, and so have some of her peers.

It may be urged that to treat the matter seriously is a mistake: that our Ciceronian mottoes are inappropriate, because they originally referred to what was really a common superstition, whereas we now have to deal not so much with any sane person's actual belief as with a sort of sentimental conceit employed for literary purposes. There would be truth in such a statement, but it is not to the point. On the contrary, it seems rather to aggravate the offence, and demand the discountenancing thereof. For here on the frontier of two worlds the mists of doubt are surely dense enough without wantonly thickening them by conjuring up a fancy known to be a baseless figment. Even regarded merely as decorative, we cannot think it otherwise than unsuccessful. Though the death's head with a bone in its mouth, often presented for our contemplation by edifying writers, such as the seventeenth-century divines, is not—and is not meant to be—an attractive object, it appears still less so when it wears the wreath of roses twined about it by those who would invest with incongruous prettiness and pleasantness a nightmare life-in-grave, which might well "thick man's blood with cold."

That, however, is only a minor consideration in comparison with the fact that despite its palpable absurdity it does help to render more obscure any rational view of a future life, and thus makes us a better mark for what the author of "Hydriotaphia" calls "the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man"; which is "to tell him that he is at the end of his nature, or that there is no further state to come . . ."

JANE BARLOW.

## FICTION

*The Woman's Victory.* By MAARTEN MAARTENS. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. MAARTENS'S book is interesting and valuable because he writes with strength and distinction; because he takes cognisance of many things, and because everything he treats is shaped to a finish by a definite attitude towards life. His attitude is the chivalrous one: and his insight is as profound as chivalry will allow. At its best the chivalrous attitude is pleasant and refreshing and bears with it an aroma of reverence: at its worst it is mawkish and untrue and leads to a kind of specious enthusiasm so cheap and easy that it is worthless to feel and irritating to experience. There is something indiscriminating in its very essence, something plausible and unsatisfying. It would have given to Richard Feverel a happy ending, and thereby would have belittled Richard, belittled Lucy and belittled their love, robbing it of its exquisite simplicity by making it practicable. But Mr. Maartens generally catches chivalry at its best: and then the buoyancy which informs his style with vigour puts a rare swing into his telling of the stories. And there are some really fine short stories in the present collection. "A Resurrection," "The Dream Knight," "The Bargain," and the first story which names and notifies the book, go a long way to belie those who say that the art of the short story is a lost art in England. Nothing could be better than the swift picturing in "A Resurrection of Walter Gozlett" and the train of thought and circumstance that leads him back after twelve years of needless absence to Wiesbaden, where he lived his last years of boyhood and loved, with a boy's love, Julia his German friend's sister, who lived opposite. He calls on her and finds her disconcertingly unchanged. The interview, and his feelings at the interview, are poignantly vivid and real. Mr. Maartens is at his best in handling such a situation: a shadow of mockery, a hint of a sneer, and the thing would collapse into the ridiculous and lose all force and meaning. But the treatment is masterly in its delicate precision and has just that touch of hidden regret which lends the story, for all its slender fabric, a kind of fragile beauty. It is a pity that work so admirable as the stories mentioned and some others should be jostled by work so feeble and inferior as "The Diamonds" and several stories better unnamed. *Il faut cultiver le jardin.*

*Hugh Leventhorpe.* By EDWARD HARDINGHAM. (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)

MR. HARDINGHAM'S memory for quotations must be a great joy to himself. The quotations, too, are always apt, and sometimes of excellent quality, but, when they are scattered through a book of four hundred and sixty pages with a frequency that recalls the leaves in Vallombrosa, they have the unfortunate effect of so getting on the nerves of the reader that his eye roams over the page for them. It is like listening for the soft hiss which runs through a church when the congregation is saying the general confession, and comes to an "s" sound. Apart from this fault, "Hugh Leventhorpe" is an interesting story of adventure and buried treasure in Mexico, with a curious interlude in England, wherein some quite unnecessary discussions on Ritualism are diversified by High Church curates who shut up girls in disused mills and hire gipsies to kidnap persons who annoy them. However, the experienced novel-reader is happier than the reviewer: he not only knows where to skip, but is free to skip. There are no problems in the book—it is a brain-rest to come across a story which deals with actions instead of thoughts. There is plenty of excitement, and there are battles and murder and sudden death; and touches of pathos; and not too rosy a view of life for grown-up people to swallow, though they may have been playing at youth in the Mexican forests, with lovely girl-queens hidden among the Aztecs, and treachery and bravery in plenty. It is all charming, and it is delightful

to pair all the couples off at the end, and leave them with a plentiful supply of babies and hard cash and supreme contentment. After talking of art and the terrible bathos of "the happy ending," it is with open arms that we welcome it. Kipling sang of the three-decker and the three-volume novel, when both were dying, and he said:

I left 'em all in couples, a-kissing on the decks;  
I left the lovers loving, and the parents signing cheques.  
In endless English comfort, by county-folks caressed,  
I left the old three-decker at the Islands of the Blest.

That is what we do after a most pleasant sojourn with "Hugh Leventhorpe." The only thing is, that we like Mr. Hardingham's story quite well enough to prefer it in his own words. We envy him his memory, and his knowledge of many languages; but we do not believe that men who want to commit suicide first recite German poetry to themselves, or that their friends who save them cap it with more poetry. Mr. Hardingham may call a dog a hound and a girl a maiden, and introduce little French phrases unnecessarily, if he likes; but he need not rely on other men's thoughts to catch our interest.

*Amor Veritatis.* By M. PENNELL. (Elliot Stock, 5s.)

THE author of "Amor Veritatis" makes an unfortunate attempt to combine instruction with amusement, and fails signally. The book is not instructive, being neither more nor less than a vehement and acrimonious diatribe against the Church of Rome, teaching us nothing that we have not learned already from other broader-minded and less prejudiced writers: neither can it be called amusing, owing to the pooriness of the plot and the weakness of the characters, if such a name can be given to the nine or ten wooden absurdities who compose the personnel of the book. Were it possible to consider them as anything other than mere machines, from whose mouths issue the denunciatory sentiments of the author, we should be disgusted at the depths of narrow-minded priggishness to which the hero and heroine have sunk. Their conversation, or rather, their long, dreary monologues, covering several pages at a time, are thickly interlarded with Scriptural quotations, and they have a detestable habit of breaking into inferior verse on the smallest provocation. A weak-minded and devout widow and an "obsequious priest" are the Roman Catholic elements in the book. The priest, a Jesuit needless to say, and capable of every kind of petty villainy, is foiled in the end, and we leave him, a sinister and scowling figure, no doubt plotting fresh mischief. The widow is rescued from the clutches of the "Romanists" by her intrepid daughter. The incidents in the book take place, apparently, at the present time, but the manners and language of the characters belong to the early forties. We are introduced to our heroine at an archery meeting and, though no mention is made of ringleaders or crinolines, their sentiment pervades the atmosphere. The less said about the whole thing the better.

*The Man Who Rose Again.* By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

ONE of Oscar Wilde's delightful fairy tales ends thus:

"I am rather afraid I have annoyed him," answered the Linnet.  
"The fact is, that I told him a story with a moral."  
"Ah! That is always a very dangerous thing to do," said the Duck.

It is perhaps a little unfair to begin a review of a book by Mr. Joseph Hocking with a quotation from a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde; but the moral of the former is so very obvious that it called to mind the offended water-rat, who said that, had he known beforehand that there was a moral, he should certainly have said "Pooh!" Mr. Hocking does everything aboveboard, however; we know from the beginning that the cynical young man with a brilliant Parliamentary career, who is given to secret drinking will

reform before we have done with him. When he put his marked handkerchief into the pocket of an unidentifiable corpse in the river one night, and, only waiting in London to read his obituary notices, disappeared, reappearing in the disguise of a Turk with an Italian name who plays golf like an expert, if seemed almost as if the five years of interval had seen his reformation. This would scarcely be dramatic, however; he is really only brought to his senses during a thunderstorm on Dartmoor. The story is not probable, but the first half of it is really interesting, although we know that there is that moral hanging over us. If Radford Leicester had gone to the dogs his own way, he would have been a fine character-study; but what would have become of the moral? He has to be converted from a brilliant, sarcastic, rather impossible young politician, well on the road to D.T., into, *via* Islamism, an orthodox Christian, and in the permanence of that conversion we have no faith at all. The girl who is the heroine of the book is the usual charming, rather priggish maiden who throws a man over just when he most wants her—loves him while he has no faults, and holds out a helping hand to him only so long as he is sturdy on his own feet. Mr. Hocking has started out to prove that: "Rob a man of his religion and he is only a savage, with a savage's instincts and desires." If one can agree with that point of view, the story will gain, though the incidents remain improbable. The treatment is interesting; but with such a moral as this, which only takes in one side of the question, the broader issues of character must suffer. As it is, it is a pleasant story, with a happy ending, an excellent doctrine, and four illustrations.

*Of Mistress Eve.* By HOWARD PEASE. (Constable, 6s.)

A MORE appropriate title for this story would have been: "Of the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess-Dowager of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery," but that would be long and clumsy. It is a narrative of Life on the Border during the period before and after the Restoration; but there is very little about the Stuarts, and too much about the Border. The lady who gives her name to the title takes a vow not to marry till the king enjoys his own again, which is a good, Stanley Weymanish start. But she is immediately left on one side, in favour of her ancient godmother, the Lady Anne, and the vow is only casually mentioned now and then. The king comes back, quite quietly, half-way through the book, and we are told that Eve became engaged and was married. Of course, this was entirely her own business, and the author evidently thought it was none of his or ours; but, after all, we had started out to read about Mistress Eve. She and her husband, a shadowy pair without a grain of character, went to London and met with shadowy adventures, while the narrator, her cousin, with a still more shadowy wife, wandered from Whitehall to the Docks and met kings and villains. When he heard that his cousin had been abducted, he said that something must be done, and went home to think. Four days later he moved in the matter, and in a casual walk met and tracked the one man in London who could help him. This coincidence would have been quite in keeping, but for the four days' interval. People who think for that period about what they are going to do in serious and pressing circumstances, do not go out and grasp the skirts of Happy Chance like that. Happy Chance loves not the deliberate. The fact is that Mr. Pease has had access to some interesting documents about the Lady Anne, and he is much interested in the Border. What he wanted to do was to write a biography of the lady, with a photogravure from an old picture, and copious notes. In an evil moment he decided to make a story out of his material and to turn it into a sequel to his "Magnus Sinclair." The result is a spoilt biography and a spoilt novel; there is no plot, and, when Mr. Pease is tired of going on, he leaves off. That is on page 301. If the period and personages were more



important, it would be a palatable way of serving up a history lesson; but the learners would have to be cautioned against too implicit a reliance on the grammar. However, there is a really nice murder, under the guise of a duel; and the narrator saw it only by climbing up the waterspout of a lonely inn on a Cumberland moor and looking through the floor, which seems to have been of the open-work kind. After seeing this, it was quite a long time before he could get to sleep; but we thought we knew what he would do, and five lines later he did it. He fell into an uneasy dose towards morning.

## FINE ART

*Warwickshire.* Painted by FRED WHITEHEAD, R.B.A.; described by CLIVE HOLLAND. *Sussex.* Painted by WILFRID BALL, R.E. (Black, 20s. net each.)

OF recent years the production of table-literature, that is to say of books the primary object of which is to solace the lonely vigil of premature callers, has received a fresh impetus from the invention of the three-colour process. In place of the "Book of Beauty" or "Portfolio of Royalty," without which no lady's drawing-room or fashionable physician's waiting-room was complete in the forties, we now have overgrown octavos illustrated with sixty to a hundred full-page reproductions in colours, gaudily bound and issued with much flourishing of trumpets by one of Mr. Charles Heath's numerous successors. To regard these volumes as serious contributions to art or literature would be to arrogate to them pretensions which few could hope to justify. Their illustrations demand, as a rule, no weightier consideration than the picture postcards which they resemble, and which in some cases we know to be duplicate reproductions. Their letterpress, to which the publishers admittedly attach secondary importance, calls for no more exacting criticism than that applicable to guide-books and humbler topographical works.

The volumes on Warwickshire and Sussex which Messrs. Black have added to their "Beautiful Books" are typical examples of this class of literature. We have seen better results obtained from colour-printing, a process which is still in its infancy, but we have also seen worse. Mr. Wilfrid Ball's paintings of Sussex are strictly objective, and give no clearer revelation of the painter's personality than a faint suggestion of neatness, methodical habits and orderly behaviour. Of the county depicted they tell us with the help of colour a little more than could the average photographer, yet not so much as could a photographer with a gift for seizing the most salient and characteristic features of a landscape. In his choice of subject Mr. Ball has allowed himself to be obsessed by the picturesque cottage, and cottages and streets are not the monopoly of any single English county. Had he given us fewer of these and a greater number of more extensive views, as his *Malling Mill*, *Cliffs near Eastbourne*, and *Crowborough Heath*, Mr. Ball's illustrations would be more representative of the county whose distinctive features, its woods, its downs and sea-bathed pasturages, are not sufficiently emphasised.

Mr. Whitehead's pictures of Warwickshire are more personal, and if all showed the same decorative charm and technical dexterity as his *Guy's Cliff Mill*, his illustrations would take a high place in this series. Unfortunately, Mr. Whitehead frequently falls away from his own standard, and several of his illustrations have the appearance of being copies of photographs rather than direct impressions of nature. He is at his best in his broader sketches, where his vigorous colour touches atone for the weakness of his draughtsmanship, and atmosphere is not lost by the over-elaboration of unimportant details. His subjects are generally well chosen, though the leafiness of Warwickshire might have been insisted upon by his painting fewer swans and more trees.

In the generous supply of text to this volume, Mr. Clive Holland says a great deal about Warwickshire, though very little that has not been said sufficiently before. The triteness of his style and his tender consideration for the ignorance of his reader are typically illustrated by his allusions to "William Shakespeare, one of the greatest poets of any age," and to the Earl of March, "afterwards made Edward IV."

The letterpress of Sussex is shorter and less tedious. Of the three sections into which it is divided, the second, dealing with "The Historical Development of Sussex," is decidedly the best and contains much matter with regard to Roman remains and family histories which will be of genuine interest to the amateur antiquary. Few people save reviewers, we imagine, take up a book of this class with the deliberate intention of reading it from cover to cover, but whosoever dips into this section of "Sussex" is likely to find himself speedily immersed.

## MUSIC

### A HISTORY OF BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES

FIVE hundred pages or thereabouts on the symphonies of Beethoven, published in this present year, do not inspire the reader with the expectation of much new reading, and on opening M. Prod'homme's book, "Les Symphonies de Beethoven," the first impression is that somehow it has been belated, that it ought to have appeared at latest twenty years ago. But the author very modestly apologises for this in a preface, on the grounds of "la penurie d'ouvrages écrits en notre langue sur le grand compositeur allemand," and he therefore attempts to do for his countrymen something of what Grove did for English-speaking music-lovers in "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies." He has analysed each symphony and made careful investigation into the circumstances which influenced the production of each and its reception, and has compiled this ample volume from very full knowledge of his material. That this should be reached at second-hand was inevitable, but the author is not slow to acknowledge his indebtedness to many authorities, especially to Nottebohm, Wasielowski, and Grove.

M. Prod'homme's personal share of the work is chiefly shown in the arrangement. The plan is clear and simple and logically carried out. Each symphony has a chapter to itself, which is divided into three sections. The first deals with the antecedents of the work. It is partly biographical. How far the circumstances of his life affected Beethoven's work must ever remain in some doubt. In certain places the two are easily connected, at others there seems something like a contradiction, as between the deep emotion of his letters and the light-heartedness of the fourth symphony. But this almost tabular arrangement saves the author from that sort of discussion which is now futile and even impertinent. The facts are given with copious quotations from the correspondence and other authorities, as well as references to, and quotations from Beethoven's sketch-book. In the second section the symphony itself is analysed, with of course musical quotations of themes and important passages. It is here that one feels some disappointment. The nine symphonies have been so often subjected to the process, from the crude statement of themes found in a concert programme to the really individual and glowing descriptions in which Sir George Grove excelled, that one expects something more than the rather conventional eulogy and description of M. Prod'homme. In a work of this size an elementary knowledge of the symphonies might have been assumed, and a more detailed comparison of passages made and deductions drawn as to the composer's own development. To take a single instance, the introduction of the first symphony foreshadows in its tendency to break away from the tonic key the more extended excursions of this kind which introduce the fourth and seventh.

That chord of C with the flattened seventh in it, which begins the first symphony, was in itself almost sufficient to proclaim Beethoven's new epoch, but M. Prod'homme only says—

L'attention fortement éveillée par ces sautes brusques, de quatre en quatre, après cette sorte de lutte entre trois tonalités différentes, le ton de la symphonie s'impose et l'introduction, de douze mesures en tout, amène bientôt le premier thème. . . .

and this lack of critical insight, or at any rate of the power or wish to convey such insight to the reader, is apparent through all the analyses. Where occasionally he indulges in a comparison with other works, as where he remarks on a similarity between the first subject of the *Eroica* and that of Brahms's second symphony, the allusion is not very forcible. After all, there is little in common between these two, save the triple time and the fact that each is built on an arpeggio of the tonic chord.

The third part of each chapter deals with the production of each symphony. First performances in various countries are recorded, and press notices and criticisms quoted at length. These are very much more interesting than the sections about the symphonies themselves, for in them is given a fairly complete picture of the advance of musical taste in general in the few years, only twenty-four, which saw the production of the nine symphonies. The quotations are full and drawn from all European countries, not even excluding England. There is a little too much of it, though it is good to include samples of the rather patronising comments on the first two symphonies, that we may appreciate the storm which gathered round the *Eroica*, and Beethoven's ultimate justification in his complete acceptance by the best minds on the production of the Choral Symphony. It shows, in fact, quite a genius for selection, and it is this quality in the author, as displayed in the first and third parts of each chapter, which makes the book a striking collection of thought on Beethoven. It includes the thought of his contemporaries and of musicians who came after him, and it is excellently summed up and presented by one whose knowledge is thorough and discriminating.

The book is recommended in a short preface by M. Edouard Colonne, the eminent conductor, who pays therein a tribute to Beethoven's genius, which to some extent atones for the lack of personal contribution of this kind in the work itself. We Englishmen, if we are enthusiastic, are apt to take our enthusiasm for granted and leave it unexpressed, so it is good for us to read such words as these:

Gloire à lui sur la terre! Les peuples prêtent l'oreille; les historiens proclament sa puissance; les interprètes répandent sa doctrine; le monde obéit à sa voix; se hausser jusqu'à lui c'est devenir plus grand.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge University Press have ready and will issue next month a Bible so printed that both the Authorised and Revised Versions may be read from the same text, without difficulty and without need of reference from text to margin or from one text to a second. The method adopted is to print in large type such words as are common to both Versions. Where there is a difference between the Versions, however minute, the one line of large type divides into two parallel lines of smaller type, of which the upper gives the reading of the Revised and the lower that of the Authorised Version. Thus, by reading along the large type and following, where it ceases, the upper of the two small lines, the Revised Version may be read; while the large type, in conjunction with the lower of the small lines, gives the continuous text of the Authorised Version. Many methods have been tried to facilitate comparisons between the two texts, but it is claimed that no method other than that now adopted has given a comparative view of the two Versions showing at

a glance the position, extent and exact nature of every difference between them. On account of the way in which the type is set, the Bible is to be known as "The Interlinear Bible."

The third and concluding volume of "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by the Rev. James Dennis is about to be published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

Dr. James Donaldson, who has been Principal of St. Andrews University since 1889, has for some time been engaged on a work the character and scope of which are sufficiently indicated by its title—"The Position of Women in Ancient Rome and among the Early Christians." It is over forty years since Dr. Donaldson completed his "Critical History of Christian Literature from the Death of the Apostles till the Nicene Creed," and almost a quarter of a century since his "Lyra Græca" appeared. His new work is to be published by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, before he proceeds on his projected Australasian tour, will finish his work on "The World's Famous Orations." The volumes—there will be ten in all—are to be published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls at a price that will bring the work, according to Mr. Bryan's wish, within the reach of the working classes "as a stimulus to democracy in all English-speaking lands." Three volumes will be devoted to Great Britain and three to America, and one volume respectively to Ireland, Continental Europe, Greece and Rome, thus covering, according to the publishers, "the entire range of historic oratory from the time of Achilles to the day of Roosevelt and Campbell-Bannerman"!

Messrs. Skeffington's new Autumn novels will include "Bubble Reputation" by Alfred Buchanan; "Kinsman" by David Heron; "The Betrayal of Mistress Donis" by George Cannock Dyke, and "The Web of Circumstance" by Dr. Lucian De Zilwa, all of which will be published early in September.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### THE PRONUNCIATION OF "DETAIL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question put by "Inquirer" last week hastens my letter to you on the general subject of Pronunciation, which I should have been glad to postpone till the winter.

Unfortunately the dictionaries give little help in such matters, even when not positively misleading, as like the "Standard" in the present instance, instead of seeking and conforming to the best rule or idiom, they merely balance the usages of certain arbitrarily selected "authorities" and advise the public to follow the majority. This futile and inane custom is adopted also by amateur mentors in literary and ordinary papers, as, for instance, where "S. L. H." gave a list of authors writing "averse to" and "averse from" respectively, and decided that the former were the more numerous, whereas of course the latter phrase is the only correct one no matter how few use it.

In the case of words like "detail," where noun and verb are spelt alike, the rule is that the accent shall be on the first syllable in the former and on the second in the latter. This at once disposes of all such as the general public seem undecided about, e.g., *content*, *contract*, *control*, *combine*, *perfect*, *combat*, *address*, *accord*, *recess*, *concern*, *incline*, *detail*, etc. Here sticklers will triumphantly imagine they have caught me in a trap, pointing to words like *effect*, *delay*, which are only accented one way. But now comes in the one great master rule which settles all such problems. This is the simple and obvious one that the idiom is to be followed *as far as possible*; in other words, that in cases of doubt preference is to be given to the analogical form. Hence the first syllable is correctly stressed in the substantives *defect*, *report*, *repute*, *refrain*, *resume*, *precise*, *expose*, *disguise*, *discourse*, *return*, while even *ally* (which should be properly *alliee*), seeing it has assumed the present form, should also be pronounced to correspond.

Pedants delight in evolving some new fashion in pronunciation because, they say, it is "more euphonious," and distinguishes the superfine from the common herd. Thus, as if we had not already trouble enough with our "h," they are constantly insisting that it should be silent in certain arbitrarily chosen words, such as *hotel*, *herb*, *humble*, *historical*, *heroic* (I don't know whether they include *heterogeneous*). Hence confusion is worse confounded and further perplexities are added to the trials of writers and school-children. Yet here again the great main rule smooths all difficulties. *Wherever possible* the aspirate should be sounded, that is, in every word in the



language but *hour, heir, honour, honest*, and their derivatives, nor would there be any harm if it were restored to these also, as they are mere accidental survivals from times when, as in the biblical *horse* and *house*, its pronunciation was a matter of individual taste and fancy.

Euphony, indeed, is the worst possible criterion. It is appealed to in justification of the nauseous dragging in of French words or phrases, mostly by half-educated authors or journalists who have but a smattering of that language. Those who really are well versed in it use it the least. Thus in the admirable translations of Zola's works by Ernest Vizetelly, it is but rarely that one finds a French word, although a slovenly writer would have yielded to the temptation to save trouble by simple transcription. People who so adore French should write in it altogether, if they can, and abjure their own tongue entirely. In cases where a new word for the French is really required it should be anglicised completely. Thus *fracas* (rumpus, shindy, brawl, tussle) should rime with *jackass* (as in Burns). There are in French no such words as *locale, morale, envelope, portmanteaux, double entendre*, etc., at least with the meanings intended, and those who thus use them only advertise their own ignorance. There is no need to employ unpronounceable French words for *recounters, shamoy, employee, debauchee, attachee, avalanch*, nor meaningless or ungrammatical alleged translations like "on the carpet," "it goes without saying," "castles in Spain," for "on the (table-)cloth," "it needs no saying," "castles in the air." If half the pains were taken to evolve or discover good English expressions that are expended in looking up or inventing pseudo-French affectations, when indeed these are not mere indolent or brainless acceptations of current jargon, many good old words might come into use again. Thus "soil" expresses exactly the sense usually given by *débris*, "urchin" that of *gamin*, "mettle" or "fettle" of *moral(e)*, and so on. And is "ballade" to be pronounced "ballaid" or "ballahd"?

I cannot too strongly insist that Consistency is usually an infallible guide. As is pointed out on p. 127, appeals to even Latin usage soon lead to an impasse, and as regards quantity the only safe rule to follow is: When in doubt, sound the vowel short. This for three reasons: first, because it sounds better (I make this concession to euphony); secondly, because the short vowels have more nearly retained their original phonies; and thirdly, because consistent with analogy and the genius of the language. Thus not only *doctrinal*, but *inspiration, finance, tremor, vesper, dynamic*, etc., *ad libitum*. So with the whole series of words like *docile, hostile, mercantile*.

Many words have odd pronunciations without any reason at all. Thus *indict, phthisis, schism, suffice, executive, conquer, regiment, clerk*, etc., might all be spoken as spelt, *ordeal* is a dis-syllable (there is no Latin *ordialis*!) and *promenade* should agree with *parade* or *esplanade*, *tomato* with *potato*.

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

### SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This is essentially a question for the generation now commencing at elementary schools and all succeeding generations, and it concerns those who have already left school mostly as to their responsibility for the education of the former. In other words, it is hopeless and useless to expect educated people to alter their spelling until they are forced to do it by the invading custom of the youngsters when they mingle amongst them endowed with a close approximation to phonetic and logical spelling. Educated people however are the only ones who can instruct the young, and those who study the science and practise the art of teaching must at least be converted to recognising the benefits of phonetic spelling before it can be set to work in schools.

To bring about this conversion is the task which reformers really have before them. It must consist mainly in breaking down or weakening antiquated prejudice so far as to establish toleration for elasticity in spelling and a general disregard for all the existing canons of Orthography as an indispensable mark of education and good breeding.

Ingenious and elaborate stages of reform such as so ably arranged by Mr. E. A. Fyppson in the ACADEMY of August 4 are of very little practical utility. It is difficult to remember precise rules for limited reform, and no one can be hurt by adopting an elastic principle in preference to a rigid code.

It is desirable that the untainted minds of the children should at once be emancipated from the senseless drudgery of memorising a multitude of grotesque arrangements of letters taken to designate sound but which are neither correct in accordance with any assignable rational and consistent values of the letters nor reliably indicative of the origin or history of the words. During the transition stage while these adolescents shall gradually displace the senescent users of the traditional spelling, it is inevitable that there should be a wild outbreak of disorderly spelling. It is of little advantage to try and crystallise and stiffen this progress into a number of precisely graded stages. Elasticity and tolerance is what is most wanted. It is hopeless to demand uniformity. Nor should reformers be disheartened and their opponents be derisive because of the presentation of a host of schemes exhibiting larger or smaller degrees of divergence. In this branch of biological evolution, as in others, variation must supply the forms to be sifted by national selection.

GREEVZ FYSHER.

August 10.

### AUTHORS AND LITERARY AGENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As it happens that I wrote the article on Agents in the August *Fortnightly*, concerning which you have made good-natured comments this week, perhaps you will let me answer the problem you have set in the following paragraph:

"A, a novelist, has written a successful novel; B, his publisher, asks him for another, of course through C, his agent. But C happens to know that since A published that novel another firm of publishers has become desperately anxious for novels of that kind, and is willing to pay A half as much again as B is prepared to offer. What is C's duty? To 'maintain the close literary relationship' between A and B, or to get for A the biggest profit he can? Whichever he does, he will be in the black books of either author or publishers."

It is a problem the agent is so often called upon to solve that the answer can be given off-hand. In the given circumstances the ordinary mundane agent, who would be the last to claim that he is ideal or that he wants to do anything except make his business profitable and at the same time give every one a fair deal, would carefully figure out whether the offer from the new publisher, whom we will call D, would bring as much ultimately in money and prestige to client A as B's offer. If he decides that, everything considered, D's offer is better than B's, he gives B a chance to equal D's offer. If B won't do it D gets the book, and B can have no reasonable ground of complaint, while A (we will hope) realises anew the advantage of having the right sort of an agent for work that is in demand. The less the value of the author's work, the less the value of an agent to him. That sounds like a paradox, but it is absolutely true, and my article in the August *Fortnightly* was intended to prove it.

CURTIS BROWN.

August 11.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### ART.

*Yorkshire Dales and Fells*. Painted and described by Gordon Home 9½×6½. Pp. 180. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

#### EDUCATION.

Sloman, Arthur. *A Grammar of Classical Latin for use in Schools and Colleges*. 7½×5. Pp. xvi, 480. Cambridge University Press, 6s.

["This book," says the author in his preface, "is called a 'Grammar of Classical Latin,' because its aim is to state, with such degree of accuracy as the knowledge and time of the writer have permitted, the facts of the language as they appear in the accepted models of Classical Latin. By 'Classical Latin' is here meant that artificial literary dialect of which Cicero and Caesar are the recognised exponents in prose, Vergil, Ovid and Horace in poetry. All statements of Syntax, if made without specific extension or limitation, apply to Latin as we find it in these writers."]

#### FICTION.

Capes, Bernard. *A Rogue's Tragedy*. 7½×5½. Pp. 304. Methuen, 6s.

*A Pixy in Petticoats*. 7½×5. Pp. 324. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Bearne, David, S.J. *Sanctity's Romance, or Stories of the Bright Ages*. 7½×5½. Pp. 157. Messenger Office, Wimbledon, 1s. 6d. net.

#### HISTORY.

*Ancient Records of Egypt*. Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest, collected, edited, and translated by James Henry Breasted. Vol. iv.—The Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Dynasty. 9½×6½. Pp. 520. Luzac, 5s.

[An elaborate index is being prepared. It will occupy a separate volume, and will be sold at a price not exceeding two dollars.]

#### LITERATURE.

*Cornell Studies in Classical Philology*. Edited by Charles Edwin Bennett, John Robert Sillington Skerrett, and George Prentice Bristol. No. xvii.—*Erichthonius and the Three Daughters of Cecrops*. By Benjamin Powell. 9×6. Pp. 86 + Plates xii. Published for the University by the Macmillan Co., n.p.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Franciscan Days*. Being selections for every day in the year from ancient Franciscan writings. Translated and arranged by A. G. Ferrers Howell. 7½×5. Pp. 366. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

Folkard, Henry Tennyson. *Poets and Poetry*. A Representative Collection Preserved in the Reference Department of the Wigan Free Public Library. Wigan: James Starr.

[Detached from the General Catalogue.]

*Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*. Edited by the Secretary. Vol. xxxvii. 1905-1906. 8½×5½. Pp. 499. Published by the Institute, Northumberland Avenue, n.p.

Crothers, Samuel McChord. *The Gentle Reader*. 7½×5. Pp. 321. *The Pardoner's Wallet*. 7½×5. Pp. 287. Constable 5s. net.

[Two volumes of essays on various subjects, previously published in America.]

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Horn, W. A. *Notes by a Nomad*. An Olla-Podrida. With forty-nine illustrations from photographs by the author and others. 7½×5. Pp. 194. Melville & Mullen, 5s. net.

[Notes on New Zealand, Australia and Egypt, their people, customs, etc. The illustrations are of varying merit; the book ends with a poem advertising a certain smoking mixture.]

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